RHODESIA

ANCIENT BUILDING- ZIMBABWE

RHODESIA

PAST AND PRESENT

BY

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WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN
1897

PREFACE

The reader has probably seldom met with more heterogeneous elements in one single book. Some portions were written in our waggon, some under a tree, on a stone, near an ant-heap, on the brink of a river, on board ship, on the beach, in an old mine, amidst ancient ruins; seldom with the pen, mostly with pencil; sometimes by the glare of a fire, sometimes by the feeble glimmer of a candle in a lantern, mostly with the inconvenience of a traveller in a new country, often in a hurry to avail ourselves of the scanty chances of postal out-stations; mere fleeting impressions, incoherent but fresh, in the shape of letters to friends. On the contrary, other parts were written in my study, in the midst of a library of books on the North, dealing with the old diggings and ruins, and give a *résumé* of much reading and reflection, coupled with my own investigations and experience.

Well then, we give it, and let the reader take it for what it is worth. We always trouble ourselves only about what we *write*, never about what we *have*

written. That is for the reader to judge. What is written, is written.

One remark only need be added. When we started for the North, the secretary of the Chartered Company kindly supplied us with letters of introduction to all officials of the Company in Mashonaland and Matabeleland. Not a single one of these letters did we use. We brought them all back. Purposely we avoided coming into contact with the Company's officials as far as possible; we wanted to see with our own eyes; to judge impartially and unprejudiced. Whatever deficiencies this book, consequently, may have, of which we are fully conscious, it is written according to our own disinterested observation and honest conviction.

S. J. DU TOIT.

PAARL, *September 7, 1895.*

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RHODESIA

LETTER I

BULLOCK-WAGGON *VERSUS* RAILWAY

How the Dutch Pioneer opened the Country with his Ox-waggon—The English following with Telegraph and Railway—Praises of the "slow but sure" Ox and Ox-waggon—Still indispensable—Difference between former and present Pioneers—Ox-waggon preceding Railway—Rhodes the present Pioneer—Africa the Land of the Future—Why so long unknown—High and healthy—No Waterways, awaiting the Railway—From Cape to Cairo—Two Signboards—Co-operation of English and Dutch.

RAMOUTSA, *July* 20, 1894.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Sketches of our travels once more. On a former occasion we took you first through England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; from there to Egypt and Palestine; thence through Turkey, Austria, France and Belgium, and then *viâ* England back to our beloved fatherland. Afterwards we gave you an extensive description of our "Travels through Bible Lands." And on a later occasion we related our experiences as a member of the Transvaal Deputation to England, Holland, France, Belgium,

Portugal and Germany, whereby we were enabled to introduce you to the courts of these various States.

This time we describe *our own country*. Latterly the opening up of the Northern regions drew so much attention, especially those regions between the Limpopo and the Zambesi, that we decided to go and see for ourselves and give you a true description of our own experiences and observations.

Our journey goes in the first place to Bulawayo *viâ* Vryburg and Mafeking. Naturally the first half is done by rail, as far as Vryburg, the extension to Mafeking being still under construction. Our light, but strongly built spring-waggon, with tent affixed, was forwarded a few days in advance, together with a good supply of tinned and other provisions, and Thursday evening, July 5, Mr. G. J. Malherbe and myself left the Paarl station by rail for Vryburg, where we arrived on Saturday evening.

Monday afternoon we left Vryburg for Mafeking, a distance by rail of 102 miles, but with the winding waggon road about 125 miles. Thus travelling with the slow ox-waggon, after leaving the train, and alongside the construction train—spending four days on the distance traversed by the train in a few hours—we immediately had time for observation, reflection, and conversation, of which we give you a glimpse.

What a contrast when you exchange the train for the bullock-waggon! The boiling locomotive is so much faster than the slow ox. From the Paarl to

Vryburg—a distance of 774 miles—it took us 46 hours. We get so accustomed to speed. But it does not need a very strong memory to recollect the time when it required good travelling to cover the distance between the Paarl and the Orange River in a month.

But we should be guilty of the usual superficialness of our time (so often condemned by us), if we were satisfied with this general observation, as if the ox-waggon were now completely superseded by the train in South Africa.

The old Dutch pioneer opened up the country with his ox-waggon, the English now do it with telegraph and railway. We live in a time of transition from the ox-waggon to the railway. What can be more suitable than to reflect for a moment what the ox-waggon and the railway have respectively done for the opening of the country and the development of its resources; in how far they reciprocally require each other; and in how far the Dutch farmer and the Englishman ought, under the same guidance of providence, to labour harmoniously together for the development of our great and good country, this land of the future.

Where is the African poet, who will worthily sing what the ox and ox-waggon have done for the opening up and development of our country? Poets have extolled in song the merits of the good-tempered camel, that ship of the desert; poets have painted, in beautiful images, the virtues of the fleet and noble

horse; the usefulness of the locomotive has often been extolled as high as the heavens, in song; and far be it from me to deny their virtues and usefulness. But who will contradict me when I venture to state, that for the opening and development of South Africa the "slow but sure" ox-waggon has done more than camel, horse, and railway combined?

The ox-waggon! It was not only the means of transport, but also the habitation, the travelling tent, the altar, the fort of the emigrant. That waggon contained his furniture, some provisions and ammunition, and on the top of that his wife and children found a seat; in the box-seat was his Bible, and in the tent of the waggon his gun hung suspended, and with that he entered the unknown interior! If the lion threatens him, the gun is ready to hand. If the Kaffirs attack him, the waggons are quickly drawn close together in a circle, the openings are firmly closed up with thorn-bushes and the wheels fastened together with the iron chains belonging to each waggon (which are used instead of "breaks") and his impregnable "fort" is ready. When Sunday or a festive day comes round, the Bible is brought out and the head of the family is at once prophet and priest, in a thorough patriarchal manner. So, you see, to him his waggon is everything.

In or alongside that waggon many a promise of marriage was blushingly given, quite as honestly meant and as sweet as those given in the most courtlike halls; in or alongside that waggon many a

honeymoon was spent quite as pleasant and sweet as any spent in large hotels and cities. In that waggon many children first saw daylight, and in that waggon many a dearly beloved drew the last breath.

Even the first omnibus traffic between the Transvaal and Mashonaland and now again between Mafeking and Bulawayo is carried on with oxen. And how shall our pioneers occupy Matabeleland, Mashonaland and the region of the lakes, without the ox-waggon? And what would the railway do without the ox-waggon, which has to transport produce and goods to and from the nearest station? For proof of this statement just look at the teams of ox-waggons loading or unloading the trucks of the train.

This proves that the ox is "slow and sure," but also that he is not too slow. See, in four days we have travelled about 125 miles from Vryburg to Mafeking, and in three and a half days—83 miles—from Mafeking to Ramoutsa, from which place we write this.

So you see, reader, that there is at present no urgent necessity to close up our waggon-manufactories. He must be very superficial and ungrateful, who thinks that we have already exchanged the ox-waggon for the train.

For that waggon, the tame, patient, and strong ox was the only possible animal. The noble horse could not in that rough and unexplored interior keep up its reputation, deprived of suitable stable and forage; and to crown all it had often to succumb to the very

much feared "horse-sickness;" and the same applies to the mule. The ox and the ox alone has scaled those mountains, traversed those valleys and opened the first roads. Without the ox the opening up of the interior regions—Natal, the Free State, the Transvaal—was an impossibility.

Even now we simply can't do without the ox.* He remains the true pioneer in the opening up of new regions. After the ox comes the horse, and after the horse the train; this is the order, at least in our country. However, the man who sticks to his ox-waggon alone and will have nothing to do with telegraph and railway is just as onesided as he who forgets its merits.

How should we manage to-day with the ox-waggon alone, if we had not the train to Kimberley, Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, and Pretoria? How could the diamond fields and the gold-fields have been developed without railways; and what would the development of South Africa have been without the diamond and gold fields?

Consequently our conclusion is: both are to us indispensable—the ox-waggon precedes and the railway follows. Yes, the painter who wishes to depict the development of South Africa will have to commit the

* What a commentary on these reflections does the rinderpest now furnish, the transport rates, with mules and donkeys, having risen from £1 to £5 10s. between Mafeking and Bulawayo!

seeming folly of letting the ox-waggon precede the railway!

But even in this order some change has come. The emigrant and pioneer opened up Natal, the Free State, and the Transvaal with the ox-waggon; but Rhodes opens up Zambesia with the telegraph and railway. How much quicker everything is done now! The development of the country now makes greater strides in a few *months* than it formerly did in as many *years*, during the time of the first "trek." Oh, how the poor pioneer had to contend with unopened roads and impassable rivers; and now you are carried along on smooth rails and across iron bridges. Formerly they had a continual fight with lions and savages; now you no longer hear the lion's roar, and the power of the last great heathen empire is broken. Then it took months to convey any tidings—now this sketch will travel the 1000 miles to the Paarl in five days.

And what has caused this difference? *Then* the Englishman was the strong opponent of emigration (trek) and *now*, in the person of Mr. Rhodes, he takes the initiative and assists. *Then* the pioneer's supply of ammunition was hindered—if not stopped—and the Kaffirs (sometimes on the sly and often openly) assisted in their fight against these noble pioneers of civilisation; *now* Rhodes first breaks the tyranny, he places police everywhere for protection, he has wells dug all along the route and then invites the "Boer" to come in and live in these new regions. *Then* the poor

farmer had no market for his produce; he could only breed cattle and exchange or sell them to traders; *now* the railway opens the gold mines and the gold mines introduce the train, and both combined give the farmer a market for his produce. The road is ready and the market waits.

Thus the opening of the interior is done more rapidly. And still we do not see the end—ah! who can tell where it will end? At first the Berg River was the boundary of civilisation, afterwards the Orange River, then the Vaal River, then the Limpopo, then the Zambesi—but where will it end? Shall it be at Uganda or Cairo? . . . . We must here refer the reader to what we wrote in "Africa, the Land of the Future," written in 1890, from which we cull a few excerpts:

For long ages our southern hemisphere remained totally unknown. Only *four centuries* ago America and South Africa were discovered, and as regards Africa only during the last *four years* has this vast continent drawn the attention of the civilised world.

Not long ago we visited the "Stanley and African Exhibition" in London. There were exhibited the maps of Africa of all centuries, and looking at them you could scarcely withhold a laugh. Yes, this was first an unknown, then a dark continent. Even the most fantastic forms were given to this land. And of that vast hinterland, what fancy dictated was marked down: and for the rest all was marked as—a desert!

But now the daylight begins to dawn over this dark continent, thanks to those intrepid explorers—a Livingstone and De Chaillu, a Mauch and Holub, a Stanley, an Emin, a Peters—but where will it end? Exploring is still in its infancy.

This long unknown and unsought for Africa is now drawing attention everywhere; it fills the columns of dailies and periodicals; it opens up a new and strange world to the novelist, and a new field of exploit to the trader and speculator. . . . .

Even the Powers of Europe are busily engaged dividing this immense continent between themselves. It is really remarkable to note how now most of Europe's great Powers vie with each other to secure the largest share of Africa's 11,000,000 square miles of area. About 5,000,000 of it are already appropriated, and about 3,000,000 are still put down as desert. Thus only 2,500,000 remain, and only 1,000,000 of that is still available.

Germany has appropriated to itself 600,000 square miles in East, and 300,000 in West Africa; France has assumed 500,000 square miles; the Congo Free State has gradually absorbed 1,000,000 square miles, and Italy is grasping at 2,000,000. . . . .

More than once we have questioned ourselves why European nations and States thus vie with each other to secure the greatest possible share at the apportionment of Africa. Does this competition arise from an "ahnung" or presentiment that Africa is the land of the future, the field for their over-population and over-production?

But here the query arises: Why did this country, now so eagerly sought after, remain for such a long time unknown and closed to Europe? The simple answer is because the whole hinterland of this vast continent forms one plateau of 3000 to 5000 feet elevation. This is a great disadvantage, because for this reason Africa's interior has got no *waterways*, our rivers not being navigable, as they rush down seawards over steep declines and rocky cataracts. For that reason the hinterland remained closed to civilisation, and wherever it tried to penetrate, it was hampered and obstructed in its development.

On the other hand, the high elevation is a great advantage,

which thus far has only been too much overlooked. Now this elevated plateau is extraordinarily healthy, situated as it is on both sides of the equator. Now Africa has got all the advantages of a tropical and sub-tropical climate, coupled with a fertile soil, and healthy, comparatively temperate atmosphere. Now we can boast of our Mountains of the Moon, with eternal snows on their summits, and eternal springs on their slopes. If Africa were a level country, we would have had our navigable rivers as waterways, but of what use would they be in an unhealthy, uninhabitable country?

Now we have got a vast, fertile, and healthy continent, only waiting to be opened up—*by railways*. Yes, the iron way and the locomotive Africa requires more than any country in the world for its opening up and development, for the very reason of its high elevation. And already beginnings are made; from north, south, east, and west railways are piercing deeper and deeper into the interior. . . . .

But however useful these different lines from the different coasts may be, the trunk line is still wanting, and as yet nobody seems to think about it. A short time ago, being in the city of London, and entering No. 5 Throgmorton Avenue, our attention was drawn to two brazen signboards on two doors adjoining each other. On the one was engraven, "Consulate of the South African Republic," and on the other, "Trans-African Railway Company." On investigation we found that the railway was only a short Portuguese line on the west coast, and, as we all know, "the South African Republic" covers only a very small patch. But are both titles not prophetic? A railway or trunk line right across Africa, from the Cape to Cairo, and a vast South African Republic—are they the dreams of a heated imagination, or the realities of the future? Time will show.

We make one final remark. About twenty years ago, we, with our own hand, wrote in the original

constitution of the Africander Bond, the motto, "*A united South Africa under its own flag.*"

Up to the present we have remained true to that watchword, with this slight modification, "*A united South Africa under British Coast Protection.*" And even this last not with the remotest idea of driving out of the country, in a revolutionary manner, the lawfully established supremacy of England. No! but we wish (as has before been said) to grow up to a national self-existence in a constitutional way and in God's own good time.

Let us not ignore the guidance of providence. God has given us England as a guardian, a more considerate one than Israel found in Pharoah of old. And we had need of England, especially of English capital and English industry. Again, what would the colony have done with its diamond fields and the Transvaal with its gold-fields, if England had not provided the millions of money with which the mines were opened and worked?

And still we have need of England. The opening of Mashonaland and Matabeleland has already cost upwards of a million, and will cost several millions more before railways and telegraphs are opened, towns and bridges are built, and the gold-mines are in full working order. *We* have not the money for all this. God has ordained England to educate us as a nation, and to open up our country for us. We shall gratefully review all this when the day of our majority dawns.

One more remark with regard to this. Let us draw

a distinction between the English Imperial Government and the Englishman who has taken our land as his land. Suppose that England's power in Europe were broken (which might speedily happen), and that Germany or France would dominate in South Africa, then should we, Englishman and Africander, be *one*, and soon be free and independent. It is quite natural that the Englishman, in the fight for our national liberty, would not only go with us, but what is more, take a leading part. Therefore, let us all look up to God and let each one do his duty.

But now we have to break off our reflections so as to be able to give you in our next sketch some of our travelling experiences.

LETTER II

FROM VRYBURG TO MAFEKING

Bechuanaland's Population increasing—The Trade Route—Transvaal exclusive Policy—Means of Transport from Vryburg to Salisbury—"He is only a Kaffir"—Transvaal Incredulity—Montsioa—The Friend of Trees—Mafeking, the trim Border Town—The Railway just crossing the Border of Civilisation—The increasing Stream of Malopo.

RAMOUTSA, *July* 20, 1894.

WE would not like to pass Vryburg, the capital of our only crown colony in South Africa,* without mentioning that it has been considerably extended since we visited it in 1890, and has been greatly improved by the abundant supply of good fresh water. Backed by the fruitfulness of the soil and the energy of the Town Council, this promises much for the future.

The town has especially advanced since it has become a railway terminus and trading centre. This, however, has now an end, the line being extended to Mafeking. But still the town will continue to progress, because the population of Bechuanaland daily increases,

* At that time, but Bechuanaland has been since annexed to the Cape Colony.

by the influx of sheep-farmers from the Free State and the colony, who come in to occupy the vacant farms. As an instance we may mention that a Mr. Moolman, an elder of the Dutch Reformed Church at Vryburg (living at "Leemospruit"), informed us that the members of the Dutch Reformed Church at Vryburg amounted to upwards of 1000, that there are perhaps quite 500 who have not yet handed in their certificates of membership, and that the stream of immigration still continues. In a fortnight's time three "treks" passed his farm, one consisting of sixty-eight persons all counted. Consequently the farms along the "Leeuw River" are rising in value, and as much as 15*s.* or £1 are already paid for a morgen, although these farms are more suitable for cattle than for sheep-farming.

Almost the whole distance from Vryburg to Mafeking we travelled along the Transvaal border, with the milestones to our right, so you see the road borders Bechuanaland. This involuntarily reminded us how in London, as member of the Transvaal Deputation in 1883 and 1884, we took part in a diplomatic battle lasting nearly five months, in which we tried to extend the boundaries of the Transvaal more to the west. But the "Grand Old Man" and Lord Derby were willing to concede everything and on every point (so they said from the outset), only upon this point they could not give in. They would keep the *Trade Route* to the *north* open. To-day we see that they were not

fighting for a chimera in taking up that determined position, having been enlightened by Mr. McKenzie and others. For we now not only see those trains of ox-waggons travelling northwards from Vryburg, but we also feel what the difficulty would be if we, on passing the Transvaal border, had to open every carpet-bag and box, and to pay duty on every pipe of tobacco and every tin of food. But now we also see how the Transvaal, with its narrow-minded policy, was the cause that the "trade route," including the railway, runs just outside its border, to open up Rhodesia in the north, whereas otherwise the route would naturally have gone right through the Transvaal.

At the great pan of Malapoch, whilst we were busy cooking a wild goose (the first piece of game our driver, Henry Cloete, had shot), we had a conversation with one of these transport-riders, an Englishman. He informed us, amongst other things, that he was on his way from Vryburg to Salisbury with three waggons; that he thought of being on the road for three months; that each waggon carried p.m. 9000 lb., and that he was paid at the rate of £1 13*s.* per 100 lb.;* that the road further on was not very heavy; that the grazing along the road was not bad, and that there was no great danger of losing any oxen.

Naturally we cannot give you information about all

* For a distance of about 800 miles, whilst after the rinderpest £5 10*s.* was to be paid from Mafeking to Bulawayo, for only 500 miles.

our conversations along the road, neither of all experiences and observations. Still, it tends to keep up the relation between our travelling company and the reader if we communicate a few particulars.

As to our company on the journey only Mr. Malherbe and myself left the Paarl: a couple of friends who intended to accompany us were prevented. At Vryburg we were joined by our driver, Henry Cloete, a born Transvaaler, who, as a prospector, had also seen a good deal of gold-digging, and spoke most of the Kaffir dialects. There we also had to hire our leader. Just as we were busy loading our waggon two young natives appeared on the scene, one a Kaffir and the other a Koranna; this was the first time they had come from Bloemhof to earn something. We chose the Koranna, though he refused to go farther than Mafeking. And we were not disappointed in our choice; he pleased us, and apparently he was pleased with us. He had no inclination to leave us when we arrived at Mafeking, and preferred going with us, but we had then already made other arrangements.

We had, however, to be taught one lesson by Klaas before he left us; for long ago we have made it our aim to learn a lesson from every person with whom we come in contact. My travelling companion once asked him whether the other boy who was with him at Vryburg was his brother? He indignantly replied, "No, he is only a Kaffir." We looked at each other, and could not help laughing. But here there is

something more than mere amusement. If even the Koranna is proud of his fast disappearing nationality, what an eternal disgrace is it then for Afrikanders to be ashamed of their nationality! Truly, this little Koranna, with his strong national feeling, stands higher in our estimation than these unprincipled Afrikanders who ape the English.

Another small incident. At Maritzani, about noon, my travelling companion and myself were dozing in the waggon. I heard a knock on the waggon-chest, and, on looking out, I saw an elderly woman with her daughter. She apologised for disturbing us, but she thought that the writer of this was a missionary, and consequently that he would have some medicine with him, for the daughter of her brother-in-law, whose house was close by, was seriously ill from inflammation. We told her that we were neither missionary nor doctor; however, we took our medicine chest and accompanied the woman, to see whether we could render any aid; this we tried to do as well as we could.

We relate this specially on account of the conversation which was carried on between us from our waggon to the house, which clearly reflects the opinion and feeling common amongst Transvaalers. When she heard that we were going to Bulawayo, she began, in a motherly way, to pity us. "O dear me," she said, "still more food for the assegais of the Matabele!" However much we tried to convince her that the power

of the Matabeles was broken, and that Lobengula was dead, she would not believe us, and was astonished to find that we were foolish enough to credit it. All the English who had gone and were still going would only be food for the assegais of the Matabele. Only a few days ago Kaffirs had passed there and had told her everything. She stuck to that statement.

But they lived just within the border of the Transvaal, and naturally participated in the general feeling of the Transvaal, which thinks that she and she only could fight the Kaffirs with success.

At Mafeking our travelling company was completed, for there we were joined by Mr. H. J. le Riche, from Campbell, and his small Griqua boy, also a "Klaas," who came with his double-barrelled shot gun to act as our leader, and at the same time to shoot small game for us.

Mafeking is situated on the Malopo, and is the border town of British Bechuanaland. She is a twin city, consisting of a great Kaffir city, the city of Montsioa, notorious for his fights with the "Freebooters" of Land Gosen, as the English called them, but Moshette's "Volunteers," according to the Transvaal view, and of a flourishing commercial town, with large stores, which at present has a lively appearance with the completion of the railway. As, however, the bridge is not yet finished, the train stops on this side of the river Malopo, which is the main border line between Bechuanaland and the Protectorate, or

between civilised South Africa and the vast uncivilised continent to the north.

Few inland towns have made such rapid strides as Mafeking. The town will advance still more rapidly for some time to come, at least as long as it remains a railway terminus, for the transport from here to the north is something enormous.

At Mafeking we were especially struck by the beautiful trees along the banks of the Malopo, between which the Kaffir huts are totally or partially hidden.

Although we do not admire Montsioa in every respect, in this one we praise him. He has laid it down as a rule that no branch of a tree, not even a dead branch, may be broken or cut off. There is, at least, some principle in this, and to the carrying out of that principle is to be attributed the fact that Mafeking, surrounded by the light green of the "Kareeboom," and the dark green of the wild olive, is far more beautifully situated on the banks of the Malopo than most of the Kaffir towns, ay, and also than most of our towns.

How stately those trees are! Our waggon stood close to one of these "karee" trees from Friday till Monday, the same tree beneath which we ten years ago had met Montsioa and his council to conclude a treaty of peace, in which we, as the Special Commissioner of the Transvaal, appeared as mediator between the "Freebooters" and Montsioa.

One more particular. The Malopo, which in former years often had no running water, has now a stream, like the Orange River, in dry seasons. We found, from information gathered, that during the last four years the flow of the river has been continually increasing, so that it has already formed a large lake below in the Kalahari, where formerly there was no water. This, however, is not inexplicable, if we bear in mind that the Malopo is only one of the rivers which have their origin in the great subterranean river which crosses the Transvaal from east to west, and from which spring, amongst others, the Apiesrivier, Kliprivier, Mooirivier, and Malmani, besides many other copious springs.

LETTER III

FROM MAFEKING TO PALLA

Three hundred miles per Ox-waggon—With the 'Bus to Bulawayo—Bush Country—Game and Birds—Guinea-fowl Hunting by Night—Pleasures and Sorrows of Hunters—What are these Trees for?—A Railway through the Bush Country—Fire continually Burning—A Fruitful and Habitable Country—Translation of Kaffir Names.

PALLA, *July* 30, 1894.

THIS time I shall try to give you an idea of the journey by ox-waggon. We have from Vryburg to here (Palla) travelled about 300 miles in three weeks' time with this slow mode of conveyance, and about 300 miles still lie before us ere we reach Bulawayo. Had any one told me beforehand that travelling would be *so* slow, I would in despair have asked, "How shall we pass the time?" and still we did not feel bored for a single day.

As this mode of travelling will soon belong to the past, now that the railway is already completed over the first 100 miles of the road we traversed, and in a few years no one will travel the 200 miles from

Mafeking to here per ox-waggon,* as every one would prefer to be whirled through this limitless bush country by the train, it is not devoid of interest to give a cursory description of the manner in which conveyance was conducted in this continent in former years.

There is already another mode of conveyance from Mafeking to Bulawayo—a distance of about 500 miles. In eight days' time the mails and passengers are carried per omnibus and horses from Mafeking to Mochudi, from there again (on account of the heavy sandy roads) with a large cart and oxen to Tati, and from there again per omnibus and horses up to Bulawayo. Also that part which is traversed by ox-cart is covered in a comparatively short time, as fresh relays of oxen are got everywhere, and the travelling is done by day and night. For the same distance a train of transport waggons takes about two months, the more so as, on account of the heavy road between Gaberones and Palla, they have to make use of a circuitous route along the Mariko and Crocodile Rivers.

With regard to the nature of the country we may state that from Mafeking you travel through a level bush country, thrice crossed by low ridges. The aspect of this bush country is somewhat monotonous, especially in winter, when the trees are leafless, and consequently have a black appearance. Still, it is not quite devoid of variety and charm. At first we travel

* This expectation is already verified, as the railway is completed thus far, and will soon run up to Bulawayo.

ANT-HEAP NEAR THE NOTWANI RIVER

(See page 21)

all the way along the banks of the Notwani River, into which the Monopolole discharges itself at Mochudi. Almost at every outspan you are close to the river, with its great holes of water, in which crocodiles probably still live in undisturbed rest, and also full of fish (we, however, could spare little time for fishing), and bordered with beautiful high trees, differing in kind and growth from the rest of the bush veldt, and consisting mostly of white, black, and yellow mimosas. Then, again, you have ant-heaps in the most fantastic forms, some in the shape of chimneys, others like towers, others like our usual ant-heaps, but many of them much higher than our waggon. We shall take photographs of a few.

You also have here a great variety of birds, which enliven the view and charm the ear with their sweet song (whilst I am writing this a feathered choir is singing beautifully in the trees along the river). Some of these birds have such beautiful colours, that the Paris "modiste" would eagerly covet their vari-coloured plumage. And towards evening you can see the nimble night apes jumping from branch to branch.

The passionate hunter finds his paradise here in the abundance of game. Large game, as "wilde beest, koedoes," &c., must be here still in great numbers, at least judging from the footpaths and footprints going towards the river. But, naturally, it requires some time and trouble to hunt them, as they recede from the great road, and for that we had no time.

But I never thought that I should see so many pheasants and partridges as I have seen in the last two weeks. Consequently you need not even climb down from the waggon to shoot your game for dinner. Guinea-fowls you find here by thousands. At our last outspan we bagged fifteen of these wild fowl, as fat as fattened poultry, apparently on account of the locust eggs with which their crops were filled.

Shooting these wild fowl in the trees by night is very romantic. I have often thought, if only our friends at home who are so fond of hunting were here! But then the difficulty arises, they would overload our waggon with so much game that we could not possibly use it, for it is really no pleasure to a hunter to see game and not to shoot. At present we have twelve wild fowl, enough to last us for four or five days, so that we have to curb our inclination for hunting. Could we send you these birds per telegraph, we should take pleasure in shooting them.

One great enjoyment is making fire. Every evening we have an illumination, and I am sure that, though you travel with oxen for four or five hours at a stretch, you would find the fire at the last outspan still burning, when the fire at the next has already boiled our water to make coffee. Of course there is no necessity to go hunting for wood, in a few minutes a huge pile of wood for fuel can be gathered. We several times spoke of the twofold use these trees could be put to when the railway was to be built through this part. In the first

place, most of the trees that grow here are very durable. The houses which were built by the pioneers with this wood are still in existence, and their children are now living in them; for instance, *Jan Blignaut* in Marico. Why, then, could these trees not be used as sleepers to lay the rails of the line on? Then, again, most of these trees are unsurpassable as fuel, at all events better than bad coal. Such a log burns during the whole night, and when it is entirely consumed leaves only a little whitish ash, whereas it gives out very great heat. For the railway, sleepers could be got everywhere, whilst the wood for fuel is, humanly speaking, inexhaustible. Besides this, it is a level country, so that the railway could be surveyed and built at an exceedingly low expense. Moreover, Kaffir labour is very cheap all along the road.

Let no one think that there would be no traffic for the railway through this part of the country. Between this and Mafeking, from where we started, we did not see a single strip of land uninhabitable or unfit for cultivation. For a small part of the road we travelled in Transvaal territory; and there along the Notwani River the farms were situated closely together. The ground all around is exceedingly fertile. You have only to look at the great Kaffir towns we passed—Mafeking, Ramoutsa, Gaberones, and Mochudi. Thousands and thousands of Kaffirs live there, and have abundance of grain, even for two or three years in advance.

Machudi is a town having between 100,000 and

200,000 inhabitants, and in a radius of six miles enough grain is produced to suffice for the present and the future. It is now three months since they commenced reaping, and from the early morning till late in the evening they are busy carting in their grain with ox-waggons, with which nearly every Kaffir is supplied already. In our opinion almost anything would thrive here, as for instance orange and nartje trees, and possibly also coffee, tea, and sugar-cane.

As regards the production of grain, at one store at Pitsani Pitelogo, where you have no Kaffir towns in the immediate vicinity, we saw some hundreds (possibly thousands) of bags of grain piled up. Only the railway must open up the country; the resources are unlimited. The Kaffirs inhabit and cultivate only a small portion of the country. Therefore, if the Chartered Company should build a railway through here and give out farms on both sides of the line from Mafeking up to Bulawayo, a large farming population could thrive here, whilst the Kaffirs keep their grounds and rights within the limits of certain locations.

Speaking of Kaffirs, we have understood that there is some plan of levying hut tax to pay for the protection of Britain, which they so earnestly desired, and there is some fear that Lynchwe, amongst others, will refuse to pay. We do not think that this fear is quite groundless. Lynchwe is reported to have 15,000 to 20,000 fighting men, and in his town (Machudi) he has grain stored up for three years. And his twofold prohibition

creates still more suspicion: (1) his people may not sell a single bag of grain; (2) they may not keep fowls and pigs (which, of course, are also fed on grain). Furthermore, his town is situated in a ridge full of almost impregnable caves, and his people are said to be well armed and to be good shots. But his is in fact the last fastness of barbarity that will have to cave in, either voluntarily or by force.

Finally we give you a list of a few Kaffir names of places with the meanings attached:

Ramatlabama = the hand of the father is blessed.
Pitsani Pitclogo = bitter buck.
Palla = redbuck.
Kumana = red.
Mopani = flat.
Maropong = blunt.
Macloutsi = elephant.
Bulawayo* = city of murder.

* Erroneously spelt "Buluwayo," as the name is derived from *bulala*—"to kill."

LETTER IV

FROM PALLA TO PALAPYE

Another 105 miles through Bush country—"Every one goes to Bulawayo"—Through a "Thirst Land"—The upper end of the Kalahari—Water and "Veldt"—Christianity and Civilisation amongst the Kaffirs—Kaffirs as Labourers—A Hint for our Labour Commission.

PALAPYE, *August* 6, 1894.

ONCE more we must take you through bush country for quite 105 miles, from Palla to Palapye. This time, however, not along the banks of the river, but through a comparative thirst land.

At Palla the Notwani flows into the Crocodile River, which, at this point, has already a strong stream of water. Here the great transport road, which at Gaberones had branched off to the Mariko and Crocodile Rivers, again joined the shorter but heavier road which we had travelled with our light waggon. From Palla to Shashe we travelled only thirteen and a half miles with the great transport road along the banks of the Crocodile River. There we again branched off into a shorter but more heavy way, in order to reach Bula-

wayo over Palapye and Tati, whilst the heavy transport waggons continue to travel along the Crocodile River for about 100 miles, so as to reach Bulawayo over Macloutsi camp.

Every one you see along the road is going to Bulawayo, unless he is returning from there. But very few come back. The trains of transport waggons have pulverised the road. They go there heavily laden and return empty, or laden with skins and grain. The omnibus, or great post-cart, also goes there well filled, to return empty. At Palla two of the B.B. police came to interrogate us, as they do everywhere, to see whether we were bringing any guns without paying 10*s.* duty on every barrel. One of them asked us whether we were going to Bulawayo. On our affirmative reply the other said, "Such a question is almost superfluous; at present every one goes to Bulawayo."

A little beyond Shashe we turned away from the Crocodile River, in order to travel to Palapye through a comparative "thirst land" (called by the farmers "thirst"), which really is the upper part of the Kalahari desert. This part has a twofold significance for us, firstly to experience what it means to travel through a "thirst land," but especially to become acquainted with the nature of the country in case the Chartered Company allotted farms in that part, and the more so as the railway and the trade route to Tati and Bulawayo would unavoidably have to go through this part of the country.

With regard to the waters the distances are as follows:

	Miles.
Shashe to Dopperspan	16
From there to Magalapsi River . .	11
,, ,, ,, Wegdrani . .	15
,, ,, Dwarspad	6
,, ,, Mopanipan . . .	30
,, ,, Letjapan	7
,, ,, Palapye	6

If you consider that tired oxen can cover only two miles an hour and cannot be kept in yoke for more than four hours without outspanning, and then require from one to three hours to seek their food in the veldt, you will acknowledge that under these circumstances it is no easy matter to travel thirty miles without water. It takes fifteen hours to cover thirty miles; divide this into five journeys of six miles each, then you have four outspannings of two hours each, and you will find that the oxen have to go without water for about twenty-four hours, a whole day and night. Usually the oxen are allowed some rest before and after the journey; the start is made shortly after noon and the march continued through the whole night, so that the next water is reached the following day about noon.

The water is fairly good. The three above-named pans (lakes) are not filled with rainwater (there are many pans in these parts which in summer during the rainy season have water, but at present are dry), but

by strong subterranean wells, emptying themselves in these hollows, and not flowing out, because the country is too level. At the last of these natural hollows (or pans) the fountain is visible, sending out a stream strong enough to turn a mill, and would give four times that amount if the eye of the fountain was properly opened up. Understand, however, that this pan with its fountain is in a hollow quite a mile long, and from fifteen to twenty feet deep, and lying lower than the surface. This shows that, on account of the level surface of the country, the water cannot discharge itself in fountains or streams, but also that the water cannot be very far below the surface. A proof of this we found in the middle of the "thirst land," where (presumably by Kaffirs) a hole about six feet deep had been dug, which yields beautifully clean water, where every traveller can get an abundant supply for his own use, but alas, on account of the small opening, cattle cannot drink, though the supply seems to be inexhaustible.

Consequently there is no reason why wells should not be dug everywhere and farms laid out. As a rule, it is not necessary to dig deeper than ten or twelve feet, and with an ordinary pump there would be sufficient water not only for cattle, but also for irrigation. For the ground is exceedingly fertile, as can be seen from the natural vegetation and the gardens of the Kaffirs.

It is a fine grazing country, for even now in the worst season the cattle are fat. For sheep and goats

the country is rather too rough, though the sheep and goats seemed to do fairly well and were fit for slaughtering.

We, however, saw strips of country as well suited for sheep-farming as any part of South Africa. For instance, between Shashe and Dopperpan we passed through a calcareous strip of country, similar to the districts of Hopetown, Philipstown, and Griqualand West, with various kinds of sweet grass and small shrubs, varied with very good large bush and trees, as "knoppiesdoorn," "vaalbrach," "rozyntjes'-bosch," "Zwarthaak," "noem-noem," "quarri," &c.

The Kaffirs in these parts are rich in cattle. Lynchwe and Chama, the two paramount chiefs, live about 175 miles apart, but their cattle stations adjoin each other; this is especially the case along the Crocodile and Notwani Rivers. Still these parts are for the most part *uninhabited*. These cattle stations are very scattered. Around these large pans you find thousands of cattle girded by a circle of "kraals." Here you see their attachment to their chiefs. They go a distance of several days in the country and remain there for months, herding the cattle of their chief. We asked one of Lynchwe's goat-herds what punishment he got if he lost one of the goats, to which he replied, "I am beaten with a 'sjambok.'"

We spoke about these two chiefs. There is a great difference between the two and their respective people, though both have been baptized and are under the

influence of the missionaries. We cannot deny that formerly we had no very great predilection for Chama, especially on account of the part he is supposed to have taken in the murder of Grobler, &c. Still, we must acknowledge that the influence of Christianity has penetrated his people far more than any other native tribe we know in South Africa. We have noticed the following good peculiarities amongst them:

1. They are very courteous; every one salutes you and is willing to render assistance to travellers. For instance, at the Magelapsi River, which at present is dry, is a small "kraal." Whilst we were outspanned there, the petty chief, April, came to our waggon, dug water for us in the sand of the river, watered our oxen, and went to fetch water, and had the goats milked for us (he had no cow-milk, for which we had asked). On leaving we, of course, gave him something, saying that we very gratified at the kindness and readiness to help which Chama's people had shown, whereupon he answered that those were the orders of his chief; they had to assist travellers. And oh! how proud he was when we showed him the portrait of his chief in a book. Here we see how great is the influence which the word of the chief exercises over his people.

2. The Bamangwato (Chama's people) in general use no intoxicating liquor. He has strongly forbidden the liquor traffic amongst his people. As a result of this prohibition we were here for the first time asked for coffee. Now, in principle we are no teetotalers; but

every one who knows what ruin brandy has wrought amongst the Kaffirs (especially the brandy they get, adulterated with pepper, tobacco, &c.)—people who were accustomed to the nourishing Kaffir beer and cannot be moderate with brandy—will acknowledge the blessing brought about by this prohibition. He who knows how addicted to brandy the Kaffir becomes (and Chama's people come in contact with it on the gold and diamond fields) cannot fail to notice the great influence he has over his people, inasmuch as he is able to enforce that law.

3. Another good law is that the people are forbidden to work or travel on Sundays. This law, as well as the former, applies also to whites travelling in his country. He does not allow travellers or transport riders to enter or leave his town on Sunday. In this he puts many a Christian government to shame.

4. The acknowledgment of the rights of women struck us still more as the influence of Christianity. Here is an instance. A somewhat elderly Kaffir came to treat with us about exchanging our ten tired oxen for eight fresh ones. Having seen our oxen, he said he would now first go and consult his "Missis," and would then bring us his reply. We asked him: "Is your wife your 'Missis?'" He replied with the counter-question: "Are your wives not your 'Missis'?" We replied: "Can you not see that we exchange our oxen without consulting our wives?" "Ah!" he said: "that is because your wives are not

present, otherwise you would surely consult them." This Kaffir can teach many a white man a useful lesson.

5. That these Kaffirs were christianised by English missionaries is proved by the fact that they are essentially a race of traders. Not one of the people of Moshete, Montsioa, Magus, or Lynchwe came to offer us anything for exchange or for sale, but as soon as we entered Chama's territory, they came with milk, pumpkins, &c. At Mochudi we could get no oxen in exchange, here they came to offer them. Otherwise trading is a characteristic of the Kaffir. But more of this later on.

6. Chama's people are good labourers. Many of the Kaffirs in the service of transport riders or on the diamond and gold fields come from here. We even met some going to procure work on the railway extension to Mafeking.

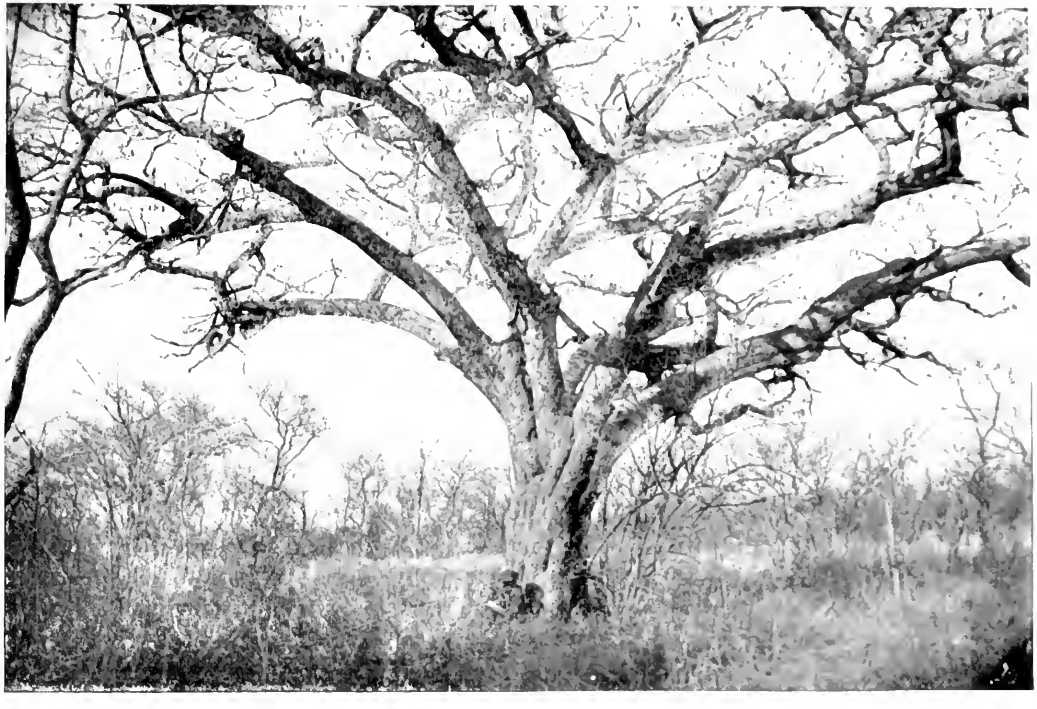
This made us consider how far the Kaffirs are already, and may in the future become, the labourers of our country. The thousands of workmen in our mines are Kaffirs; the servants of the transport riders are mostly Kaffirs; the hundreds on the railway works are Kaffirs; three-fourths of the servants of our cattle farmers are Kaffirs. What would become of all this if there were no Kaffirs? and how would our mining industry and our farming in the North be developed without Kaffir labour? And how the labour of these thousands of Kaffirs could be extended, if they could

only be subjected and if they were not spoiled by misplaced philanthropy and erring civilisation!

This leads us to another remark. The complaint of scarcity of labour is general in South Africa. Providence is not to blame for this, for it has provided millions of labourers, who are accustomed to the climate, the food, &c. of this country, and consequently are suited to be our labourers. The mistake must be sought in our legislation and our government. This raises the twofold question: (1) What is the mistake? (2) How can it be remedied?

That England by wrong interference has greatly damaged our relation to the natives cannot be denied. But have we also not taken the matter up quite wrongly? The method pursued up till now has been to break the power of the great chiefs (naturally not without cause), for instance Kreli, Ketswayo, Sekukuni, Mapoch, Massona, Lobengula, &c. The policy of the Dutch and also of the English in India was to use the influence of the chiefs for their own benefit, by gaining them to their side, and making them virtually servants of the State. Such native chiefs have unlimited influence amongst their people. This policy properly applied can become a factor for good.

Suppose the chiefs were allowed to retain their influence over the people, that that influence was confirmed and strengthened, that a location was given to the chief large enough for his people to dwell in, which right he retains as long as he fulfils the following



MAHOGANY TREE—PALAPYE

see page 7

conditions: (1) pays taxes, and (2) supplies workpeople according to the extent of the ground he occupies. For instance, if a chief has 50,000 morgen allotted to him, he must pay £50 per annum as a tax and supply fifty men as labourers, under supervision and protection of the government, not only for the service of the government and public works, but also as farm labourers within a certain radius. Does this seem to be forced labour? Very well, we say again, what we have said before, without compulsory service, compulsory education, of which so much is said nowadays, can never be carried out. Moreover, when the Dutch and the English governments in a similar manner got labourers for the public works in India, was not that "compulsory service?" And that was done not only for public works, but also for coffee plantation and for private companies. But this is only a hint written beside our travelling waggon in my notebook on my knee.

Here at Palachur we leave the low, level bush country, and begin to climb the higher, more mountainous parts. To this point we have already ascended about 800 feet from the Crocodile River. Before leaving the Bushveldt we give the reader a photograph of one of the giant mahogany trees growing here.

LETTER V

FROM PALAPYE TO TATI

Palapye as Town—Chama as Christian and Ruler—A Smouldering Fire—The Tropic passed—Hidden Water—More Lions—Opening for Industry.

TATI, *August* 11, 1894.

My former sketch I wrote at Letja pan, seven miles from Palapye. I must now first tell you something about the renowned chief town of Chama. It is prettily situated on the north side of a high ridge, almost as high as Magaliesberg at Pretoria. Nature all around is very beautiful. The trees, among which are many kinds of wild fruit, are exceedingly luxuriant in their growth. But for seven miles the roads on both sides are so sandy and rocky that our adverse judgment of the town is perhaps to be attributed to that. The town is built on thick sand and stones; and then not picturesquely arranged on a slope, but spread over a large area, in groups of small and dirty huts. No, as town it cannot be compared to Mochudi, Mafeking, or Ramoutsa, and we cannot see the beauty which, by some English writers, is ascribed to it.

Perhaps the unfavourable building and laying out of

the town is to be attributed to the haste with which it was founded. Formerly Chama lived at Shoshong. Owing to the enormous increase of the population the water supply became insufficient, and a few years ago the whole town was transplanted. Two years ago the ravages of the influenza epidemic were so serious, and so many died, that Chama has again given up a part of the town and placed it higher on the slopes of the ridge. The remains of the half-circular walls within which the huts were built are still to be seen.

Our time was so occupied with writing and other affairs, that we had no time to pay Chama a visit, which to us was a great disappointment. We were, however, compensated for this by the more or less casual acquaintance we made with Mr. Frank Elliott Lochner, who invited us to supper, and with whom we spent a few very pleasant hours. Owing to his manifold and protracted experiences and observations as officer in the Bechuanaland Border Police, as special deputy to Barotsiland, when he acquired for the Chartered Company the extensive region of 225,000 square miles north of the Zambesi, as officer in the expedition against Lobengula, and as inhabitant of Palapye for some time, he was able to give us important information, which he also did with the greatest kindness. We shall relate part of what he told us. Mr. Lochner really believes in the Christian principles of Chama, of which he gave us some important proofs, from his own experience and that of others. Thirty-five years ago Chama

was baptized, not by an English, but by a German missionary, and remained steadfastly true to his confession. His prohibition of drink applies not only to strong liquor, but also to Kaffir beer; and he has enough influence amongst his people to enforce his prohibition. He is, moreover, something of a diplomatist. For instance, foreseeing that sooner or later a hut tax would be levied, and that its sudden introduction might give rise to unpleasantness and difficulties, he prepared his people for it by levying a tax himself, making every man pay according to the extent of land he cultivated.

There is, however, something smouldering between Chama and Lynchwe, we observed, and in this our opinion was strengthened by the fact of Chama calling his people in from the out-stations; and the very day we were there (Aug. 6) two regiments (about 5000 mounted men) went out, on a hunting expedition, it was said. But it is possible that there is something else behind this. It is just possible that they might meet a similar expedition of Lynchwe in the hunting field!

The case is this: Chama lays claim to an immense tract of country, from the Crocodile or Limpopo River to the Zambesi, wherein his people live scattered, divided in three sections: (1) a portion with him at Palapye, (2) another portion in the Chopong Hills, sixty miles east of Shoshong, and (3) a third portion at Selika, on the Limpopo. Towards the Zambesi,

however, there are vast uninhabited regions, where game is still abundant. There Lynchwe's people go a-hunting, and the result is constant quarrels; but the representative of the Imperial government prevents a collision. The strain is becoming worse and worse, and a collision seems almost inevitable.

The one thinks that he is quite a match for the other. Still we fear that a war would have bad results for both, as regards their supremacy; for Britain is sure to interfere, and then it becomes simply "two dogs fighting about a bone, whilst the third carries it off." Well, perhaps that is the best.

From Palapye to Tati we had to pass 100 miles through another bush country, but not so monotonous. True, the country remains somewhat level, but still there is a gradual rise, and everywhere amongst the woods you find peculiar granite "koppies" (knolls), from 50 to 200 feet high, like watch-towers, from the top of which you have a splendid view all round. One evening at sundown we ascended one of the highest of these "koppies." What a rare sight! A sea of woods, melting away in the interminable distance, with innumerable little watch-towers, arising like small islets out of this sea of verdure.

We said that there is now a gradual rise. That comes in well, for we have now passed the tropic and begin to feel the tropical climate. At Gaberones, 303 miles from here, we saw the last frost. In daytime we have to seek the shade of the trees, of which some

are already in full bloom, and many a night we cannot sleep under our "carosses" (velkombaars). The last few days and nights have been cooler.

On this side of Palapswe we had again to cross a "thirstland" ("dorst"), which in former years formed a good dividing line between the tribes of Lobengula and Chama, the Matabeles and the Bamangwatos. Here are the distances to be crossed without water:

	Miles.
Palapye to Lotsani River . . .	7
From there to Seruli River . . .	20
,, ,, Boesmanputten . .	16
,, ,, Maropong River . .	12
,, ,, Macloutsi River . .	14
,, ,, Shashi River . . .	19
,, ,, Tati	6

Now, bear in mind that the two last mentioned rivers are at this time of the year dry sand rivers, in which you have to dig "gorratjes" (little holes in the sand) to find water. We find, however, that all over this flat country water is to be found not very deep below the surface. There is abundant and beautiful water at the "Boesmanputten" (Bushmen's Wells), not more than six feet below the surface. At the Marapong River, we saw the dripping of a fountain in the bank of the river; the dripping, however, was absorbed by the sand of the river.

Another instance: about the middle of the twenty

miles between Seruli and the Boesmanputten we saw a little plank nailed up along the road, on which was written : "Water one and a half miles east."—Next to this was written with red pencil : "On this side of the Koppies," and with black pencil, apparently still later : "This side of the two highest koppies." But unfortunately there is a whole ridge with koppies to the east (the Manani or Mahibi ridge) with two pairs of high koppies and several smaller koppies between them. One pair lay south-east and the other north-east—east was just between them. Two of us went to the north-east koppies, whither the signboard seemed to point ; the water was, however, found at the south-east koppies—a distance of about one and a half miles. Consequently our tired oxen had to be driven a triangle of four and a half miles, which took us the whole afternoon. There was a fountain ("wateraar") dammed up by the Kaffirs. So far they go for water, which forces itself to the surface, whilst everywhere there are signs that the water is immediately below the surface. We saw two or three places at the same distance where even at this dry time of the year moisture showed itself on the surface. What a pity that we had no spade with us, and that our time was so limited, otherwise we would have dug a hole for water, as a trial.

We, however, tried to assist other travellers by refixing the signboard, so that it pointed to the right koppies and by drawing an arrow on it, and writing beneath it : "Follow this direction to the south-east

koppies." But we are almost sure that sufficient water will be found at various places at the depth of five to ten feet. It is a good thing that the Chartered Company has decided to sink wells on the road to the lake country.

The only persons who can here point out the water are the Kaffirs at the "post stables" (stables where fresh relays of horses are kept), but these do their best to hide the water; they always say that there is no water, and that they have to water the oxen at a great distance, forgetting that the very fact of their being stationed there is sufficient proof that water is close by.

Yesterday we had a proof of this. A transport rider informed us that between Macloutsi and Shashi, about twelve miles from the first-mentioned river, was a post stable, and that about 500 yards west of the road there was good water, which, however, the Kaffirs tried to hide. And this we found to be true. Providence had opened a spring between large boulders, so that cattle and game could not close it up by trampling upon it, and had also formed a kind of natural reservoir for the water between the rocks, whilst the ants had built an ant-heap, fifteen feet high, as it were a kind of tower to indicate where the water was. About six miles from Macloutsi we found in the same way, on indication, a little pool of beautiful fresh dripping water at the foot of a rock. So providence has made provision, but man has as yet done very little.

The transport service makes a circuit of nearly 100 miles along the Manrika and Crocodile Rivers, on

account of the scarcity of water along the shorter route. What a blessing it would be if the Chartered Company would sink wells fifteen miles apart, *viâ* Tati to Bulawayo, along the road, beginning say from Gaberones, till where it is intended to build the railway; for this is the natural transport road.

We passed through a comparatively desolate part of the country, uninhabited, but not uninhabitable. This part of the country will decidedly be inhabited if once the train passes through it. We did not find a single Kaffir kraal between Palla and Palapye (100 miles), nor between Palapye and Tati (also 100 miles). Consequently there is still much game; all about we found the footprints of wilde beesten and koedoes, &c. A few lions are still found. The day before yesterday, coming from the Marapong River, we saw the footprints of a large and small lion (probably a lioness with her cub) coming along the road in our direction. We also noticed signs all about of the circles of the fires Kaffirs had made around their sleeping place to protect them from the lions; these circles were plainly to be seen; for the ash of the wood is very white, and remains visible till the rainy season comes.

Being still in the bush country we noticed several uses to which these trees could be put; *e.g.*, coffee is made from the roots of the "wilgatboom." Coming near to Tati we saw the mopani or wild turpentine trees denuded of their bark. We were informed that a Mr. Vermack used the bark for tanning, for which

purpose it is very well suited. Looking at the enormous export of hides from here, and the inexhaustible supply of this bark (for the country for miles and miles around is covered with these mopani trees), one begins to think that with the development of the country a tannery, connected with a shoe and harness making business, would answer very well here. Perhaps one of our enterprising readers may take the hint and make a greater fortune with this business than with gold digging.

This brings us to the last observation. We have now entered Tati, the land of minerals. Yesterday evening already we passed some old copper mines, probably worked by the Mashonas in former years. We do not, however, allow ourselves the time for a closer investigation, the more so as we intend to spend more time at Tati in the exploration of the mineral richness of the land. More anent this in our next communication.

LETTER VI

THE TATI GOLD-FIELDS OF THE PAST

First Gold Discoveries—The "Voortrekkers" here, also the Pioneers—Salkats and Loben fear the Gold—First Gold-seekers—The Tati Concession—Why there is no greater Success.

MANQUE, *August* 18, 1894.

BEFORE I relate my own observations on the Tati gold-fields I must give you a short history of this concession and of the prospecting for gold in this part of the country. I trust by doing so to render you good service, for the Tati gold-fields seem to be one of those things about which every one seems to know *something*, but no one the exact *truth*. On most of the maps of South Africa Tati is noted down, and on the geological and mineralogical maps it is simply coloured yellow, as if the whole region was gold bearing. And it really is our *oldest* goldfield, and may become our *largest*.

And where do we find trustworthy narratives about them? One hardly knows which to recommend. The fullest information, though not always the most trustworthy, is to be found in the works of Mather: "Golden

South Africa" and "Zambesia." But, however excellent as compilations of almost everything that has been written about this subject up to the present time, we cannot recommend them as altogether accurate. For instance, "The Monarch" is described as a reef of eighty to ninety feet wide, and gold-bearing all through, whereas we have convinced ourselves that it is only a reef of twelve to fifteen feet, ending in a few inches width, and not gold-bearing throughout. If our object was only to rouse enthusiasm, then we had simply to take these data as given by him; but our object is to acquaint you with the real state of affairs by personal inspection. Do not, however, fear that we shall make all your fine expectations of the northern gold-fields end in smoke. No, for your assurance we here state that we devoted a whole week to the Tati gold-fields, and that our belief with regard to their future was rather strengthened than otherwise.

The gold-fields of Tati and Mashonaland were simultaneously discovered. Our hunters knew of the existence of these gold-fields long ago. Many a time we ourselves heard the late Mr. Jan Viljoen, of Mariko, speaking enthusiastically about them. Every time he offered to take us to these regions before his death, and during Lobengula's lifetime, with whom he was well acquainted, so that we could give a description of them for the following generation. But for that object he required two years; so much time we could never spare, and till the present day it grieves us that that opportunity

is now passed for ever. We Africanders were not the first to *describe* these regions, though also here we were the pioneers. See what the English writer, Baine, relates :

We had heard for many years, among the Dutch emigrants, rumours of gold found beyond the Zoutpansberg, and about 1865 Mr. H. Hartley, while hunting in Matabeleland, observed groups of ancient diggings, and connecting these with the current stories, he invited Herr Carl Mauch to accompany him on his next trip ; and in 1866 the then young and almost unknown traveller announced the discovery of a gold-field eighty miles in length by two or three miles in breadth.

That gold was first actually discovered at Tati is to be ascribed to the strong prohibition of Salkats, and later of Lobengula to prospect for gold in Matabeleland. Many of our old hunters have told us how these tyrants, when they gave permission to hunt, always sent an escort of their people with them, ostensibly to go and show them the game, but actually to see that they did not carry away a stone out of the country. And still the gold was there, it is discovered, and the white man is master of the country. That is the reason that the commencement was at Tati.

The first gold explorations are thus related in Mathers' "Zambesia," p. 204 :

Various companies, or rather exploring parties, were despatched, one of the first being headed by Captain Beach, and another of ten men under Captain McNeil, of Durban, Natal, besides many smaller ones. A party of thirty-four Australians was equipped in Natal in 1869 and sent up to test the richness of the reputed gold-field. A party was also sent up

from Port Elizabeth, but it is not on record that it discovered much at Tati. In 1868 the London and Limpopo Mining Company, headed by Sir John Swinburne, Bart., and Captain Arthur Lionel Levert, left England, taking with them an expensive equipment, including a traction engine, which, however, was left and subsequently sold in Natal. They reached the Tati on April 27, 1869, set up their steam engine and opened a store. Sir John and Mr. Levert proceeded to Inyati. The former obtained leave to proceed to the northern gold-fields, the latter returned to Natal, and had a stamping machine constructed there by Mr. Gavin, of Durban. About this time quite a little village had arisen on the west bank of the Tati River, and nine companies were at work digging for gold. A company of thirty-five Australians, sent up from Durban, went about thirty-two miles up the river and located themselves on "Todd's Creek." Several of the shafts were fifty feet deep; but though 150 tons of quartz, some of it apparently rich, had been got out, the crushing machines that had been extemporised did not succeed. Nevertheless, specimens had been sent home, and Messrs. Johnson, Matthey, and Company, assayers to the Bank of England, certified with others that over 120 ounces were soon produced. Most of the working parties being unprovided with funds sufficient for the long and laborious processes of mining till they reached the gold, and then requiring to provide machinery to crush it, had sold out or abandoned their claims, and yielded to the more brilliant attractions of the diamond fields.

Thus the way was prepared for the "Tati Concession and Trading Company, Limited," which, as the parent company here, still continues its work along with the "Blue Jacket Syndicate," as a subsidiary company. More of both anon.

The Tati Concession was granted by Lobengula on

a region practically uninhabited, and situated between him and Chama. It includes about 2000 square miles, situated between the Shashie and Ramaquabaun Rivers, from the origin to the conflux of those two rivers. In the middle, this region is intersected by the Tati River.

Two series of gold reefs seem to run through the length of this region: (1) Along the Tati, partially explored; (2) along the Ramaquabaun, as yet quite unexplored. That there are numerous gold-bearing reefs in both belts, and that some are very rich, as also that there are many old diggings, cannot be denied; concerning these we shall relate more presently.

But then the question arises: If this be so, how is it to be explained that these gold-fields have not created greater interest? To take away all prejudice, we shall first try to answer this question and give some of the causes which hindered the success of these gold-fields; some of them have already been removed, and others stand a good chance of being speedily removed; so that a better future seems to be in store for Tati. We point out these obstacles to the earlier success the more readily, because the Tati Company has thrown open its grounds to gold seekers, and evidently now carries on its own mining operations with great energy:

1. The first and principal obstacle to the development of these gold-fields was, undoubtedly, their geographical situation, being 1275 miles from Cape Town. Now, bear in mind, in the early days there was no

railway at all, and what enormous sums of money the transport of heavy machinery and victuals, and the carrying on of mining operations at a distance of 500 miles from the nearest white population, would cost ; and every one will readily understand that gold-mining under such circumstances could not pay unless the reefs were extraordinarily rich. This difficulty is being gradually done away with, now that the railway is already completed as far as Mafeking, about 400 miles from here, and a stream of transport passes through to Bulawayo.*

2. Another obstacle was Lobengula's reign of terror. He had given a concession to dig here, but not every digger or capitalist had such implicit confidence as to risk his person and his capital in it. This obstacle has been removed. Lobengula is no more ; his kingdom is broken up. Gold digging here is quite as safe at present as wine-making at the Paarl.

3. Some also were surely kept back by the reports of the unhealthiness of these parts, on account of the fever. But although Tati is not as healthy as the highlands of Matabeleland, and the fever is undeniably rampant in the summer, still it has now been proved that the fever is not an insurmountable obstacle, as the rate of mortality is very low. At any rate, the country is not more subject to fever than Barberton was formerly. Regular living and preventive medi-

* And the railway is shortly expected to reach the "Monarch."

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cines are sufficient ; and if seized by the fever good treatment will soon cure it. That, at least, is the experience of the local doctor.

4. Most of the earliest gold-diggers have given it up for want of capital. Many were under the impression that gold was to be picked up on the surface ; but to dig for gold you require gold and steel. Now we know better.

5. That the parties who had some capital to spend did not succeed better is mainly to be attributed to two causes : (1) Bad management, which is not to be wondered at, the directors and shareholders being so far away ; and (2) the loss of gold on account of imperfect machinery, and more or less incapable amalgamators. It will appear later on that there is now improvement in both.

6. The discovery of the diamond fields cooled the ardour of the first gold seekers here and lured many away. This cannot be denied.

But enough. In our next we hope to inform you about the work that is being done here at present, and also about the prospects of these gold-fields, besides relating our experiences. Time is up, and writing in a travelling waggon is anything but comfortable.

LETTER VII

THE TATI GOLD-FIELDS OF THE PRESENT

Reality equal to a Novel—Plan of Novel concerning Solomon's Mining Works here—Amongst Game and Beasts of Prey—Great Mining Works in the far Interior.

PAARL CAMP, *August* 27, 1894.

IN our last sketch we wrote about the *past* of the Tati gold-fields; we must now, according to promise, acquaint you with the work that is done there *at present* and with its results.

In order to see as much as possible of the gold-fields and their present opening up, we did not go straight through the Tati territory, with the main road from Palapye to Bulawayo, as most travellers do. No; the road crosses the Tati River just at the original settlement (Tati Settlement), where you have a post and telegraph office, police-station, and a well-supplied store, right in the middle of the "Blue Jacket Syndicate's" holdings. But thirty-six miles out of the road, in a north-westerly direction, you find the centre of the real Tati Company's operations, and the renowned reef "the Monarch." We took this circuitous road, and came again to the main road with a slanting road

about thirty-six miles long, thus forming a more or less rectangular triangle, and crossing quite seventy-two miles of the Tati territory, including both series of the reefs.

Our experiences on this circuitous road were so romantic that we are afraid that, if we described them literally, you would involuntarily come under the impression that you were reading a novel. For this reason, and because I find that I am getting behindhand with my sketches, I shall wait with a description of this part of our journey, so rich in adventures, till I am safely back, when I shall try to write a romance about the working of these old mines in the time of Solomon, when the Queen of Sheba reigned here. I am now busy collecting material for that novel. I shall at present only mention that it took us a week to make this round; that, guided by two Makalakas, we had to travel through bush country for about three days on two almost invisible waggon-tracks, which we lost about fifty times, when we all had to seek for them, sometimes almost half an hour before finding any indication, and this through a bush country where the mopani and other trees form quite a forest, and through sprints and rivers, one of which, the dry bed of the Ramakwabaun, for instance, is 200 yards broad, with no sign of a ford, whilst we had neither pick nor spade to make a ford; that we saw no human being during those three days, not even a sign of a Kaffir habitation, while the veldt was trodden down by big game: wildebeesten, koedoes, kwaggas,

elands, &c. (of the last-mentioned Henry shot two in one day), but also we saw the clear proofs that they were still pursued by their natural enemies, for we found many footprints of lions and tigers. At a hole of water in a dry river we could plainly see in the sand how a tiger had shortly before caught a buck which had come there to slake its thirst. On another occasion we saw three wild dogs chasing a buck past our waggon at about fifty yards. Even elephants and ostriches are still to be found here; of the last we often saw the footprints, and the feeding-places of the first-mentioned, where they had broken down the branches of the mopani trees. Add to all this the interesting conversation with the Kaffirs (for Henry Cloete is a good interpreter) about the old mining works, and the last war, &c., and you will see that we were able on this journey to collect a good deal of material for a novel.

More of this later on. At present the "Tati Mining and Trading Company, Limited," the mother company, works on the Tati fields, as does also its daughter, the "Blue Jacket Syndicate," established more for the purpose of exploration; for the greater part, however, both belong to the same shareholders.

As already mentioned, we visited first the "Blue Jacket Syndicate's" diggings in the vicinity of the Tati Settlement, where the main road crosses the Tati River. The Syndicate works on seven reefs, the principal of which are the "Blue Jacket" and "New Zealand" reefs, both of which we visited.

One can plainly see that the formation is changed here. You will remember that we wrote about those thousands of granite "koppies" (knolls). This is now quite changed. The koppies and ridges are now mostly of sandstone, while between is slate formation, intersected by quartz reefs; the surface, however, is very much broken up, so that loose pieces of quartz are scattered all over the surface.

Of the New Zealand we could not see much, as they were busy pumping the water out of the shaft, showing that it was intended to recommence the work, although we were informed this pumping had been going on for some time already, and would still go on for a long while. From this we were confirmed in our conclusion that there is much water in these parts beneath the surface. Unhappily the manager of these works was ill at the time, and, besides, he had no instructions to show us over the mines, so we had to be content with what we could see for ourselves.

At the "Blue Jacket," about three miles from there, we were more fortunate. The pumping-shaft is separate and deeper than the level which is now being opened at a depth of ninety feet. The breadth of this reef varies, but it is evidently in quality and quantity considered to be payable.

But what interested us most were the old mining-works of former ages, with which we here became acquainted for the first time. This reef was discovered, as is the case almost everywhere in Matabeleland, by

the old open mining-places on the surface. These, however, had fallen in everywhere. But when the main shaft was sunk to intersect the reef, which runs in a slanting direction, it was found that the ancients had been down to the same depth beforehand and had taken out the best quartz ; these excavations below were open still. We went in for some distance with candles. These ancients have taken out the quartz in a very irregular manner, sometimes at a width of seven to eight feet, then again at only two feet, so that it gave some trouble to pass through them ; whether they left parts of the reef because the quartz was poorer, or because they wanted them as supports, or props, to prevent the falling in, or for both reasons, is difficult to determine ; most likely the last-mentioned was the case.

Recently an old mining place was discovered not far from there, which had also fallen in, and in it were discovered some stone implements, indicating how very ancient these mines are, and also, on the other hand, some pieces of mopani wood (a very durable wood), in which the indents made by axes are still visible. A skull was also found, evidently of a bushman. This confirmed us in our opinion that at these old mines a superior race ruled, which used better implements, whilst the native slaves used their primitive stone implements.

At the Blue Jacket we met an Africander family that had been living in Matabeleland for the last twenty-one years, and were now busy building a dwelling-

house here—viz., Mr. P. Oosthinzen, with his two sons-in-law Mr. J. Engelbrecht and Mr. Elliott. They gave us some valuable information.

After little more than one day's travelling we reached the centre of the operations of the Tati Company, on the celebrated "Monarch" reef. This is a small village in the veldt, consisting of about twenty or thirty little houses, and built very regularly on an elevation, between the Tati and one of her tributaries.

The general manager had died just a month before. But the acting general manager, Mr. Edwards, showed us extreme kindness, took us all over the works, and gave us all required information. Here active mining operations are carried on day and night; real work is done, and the mine properly developed.

We shall not give a detailed description of these mining works. Most of our readers know what such mining works are like, on the Rand and elsewhere, so that they will be able, from the few facts we shall mention, to judge of what has been done and is still being done here; only they must bear in mind what difficulties work in the interior has to contend with.

The "Monarch" is, indeed, the king amongst the known gold reefs, and has been worked for the past five years. At first the quartz was taken out by means of "open works." A hole, 100 feet long and 15 feet broad, is still to be seen, from which the quartz was taken that, with an old-fashioned stamping machine (now taken over by the Blue Jacket Syndicate) yielded gold to the

value of £7000, whilst (according to Mathers, in his "Zambesia") about 90 per cent. was lost.

Now, however, the Tati Company has a complete battery with thirty stamps and all the requisites in an immense building, wherein another thirty stamps can be put up if necessary. Along with this they have a complete apparatus to pump the water out of the Tati River for about a thousand yards. At the river two boilers are placed, where a shaft 60 feet deep has been sunk, with a tunnel 180 feet long below the bed of the river, out of which an abundant supply of clean water can be pumped.

As yet this machine does not work, for here they have the same experience which so many companies on the Rand have had, that the machine was ready before the mines were sufficiently opened. The manager is hard at work opening this mine with two shifts of workmen, working day and night.

He has a main shaft 140 feet deep, at which level he makes a drive to another shaft about 400 yards from there; both works are nearly completed. As soon as both shafts are connected they will begin to stope the 140 feet quartz to the surface.

The reef itself runs perpendicularly down, and is of regular formation, from twelve to fifteen feet broad. From the first-mentioned shaft the reef is also opened westward with a drive at a depth of 140 feet, but there it ends with a width of about one inch.

With regard to the quartz at the last-mentioned

south-eastern shaft, where the open works are, it is very rich in free gold, and the deeper you go the richer it becomes; but at the north-western shaft, from where the drive is now being made, the quartz contains little free gold, but is full of refractory gold, which, however, cannot be obtained in the usual way on plates. Some thousand tons of this quartz were lying near the machine, and we look forward with great interest to the crushing, which will be commenced in a few months' time. In any case, we have good expectations of the "Monarch."

The company is hard at work with twenty whites and 100 natives. Besides the "Monarch," the company is also opening up the "New Prospect," about four miles to the south-west of the "Monarch," where a depth of 100 feet has been reached, also on old workings, and a good reef of two feet width has been struck. In our former sketches we wrote about the state of health and other difficulties. We can only add to this that there are peculiar facilities here; for instance, an abundant supply of fuel for the machines and for timber in the mines, is close at hand. Then the company has an advantage here in that it has the monopoly of the trade, by which it makes immense gains. The ground rights, which will be very valuable when the railway passes through the place, also belong to the Company.

Finally, we have to refrain from again expressing our gratitude for the kindness shown us by the acting

manager and all the officials of the company. We wish the company success. It has still large tracks quite unexplored, of which, judging from the surface indications we have seen, we have the highest expectations.

LETTER VIII

SALKATS, THE FOUNDER OF THE MATABELE EMPIRE

The Boundaries of Matabeleland—The Descent of Salkats—Salkats and Chaka—Salkats and the Boers—Salkats and the Mashonas, Makalakas, and Baroets—His Death and Successor—The Poor Matabeles—Their Miserable State and Humiliation.

QUEEN'S REEF, 30 MILES N.E. OF BULAWAYO,
August 30, 1894.

RETURNING from Tati we came again in the main road at the Manialula Hills, a habitable and apparently healthy region, well provided with water; at least immediately before coming into the road we saw, at the foot of the "koppies," two fairly strong fountains which, even in this dry season, formed a small morass. Nature hereabouts is picturesque, with those beautiful knolls and luxuriant vegetation; and the trees do not form here an impenetrable barrier of shrubs of "hauk-doorns," as is mostly the case in the bush country; no, high trees with good grass below, and now and then an open grass flat.

Here our two guides took their leave, after we had

given them small presents, and especially enriched with the game we had shot along the road, and which we could not use; they had hidden it to take along with them on returning. "Who will leave meat?" our old Makalaka had asked us. Upon our remark: "But the meat will become old," he answered: "We are accustomed to eat meat that smells." When at our parting we asked the old man about the water supply further on along the road he answered naïvely: "Why do you ask so much about the water? Do you not see the appearance of the country, it is full of water everywhere." And so it proved. We now entered a more undulating country, with many rivers, rivulets, and brooks, and in almost all of them there was water, even in this dry season of the year. It is a "land of fountains and water courses," this Matabeleland, which we have now fairly entered.

The real Matabeleland extends from the Macloutsi River on the south to about sixty miles from the Zambesi to the north, and from Muzilasland (or the Sabi River) on the east to the Nata River and the Makari-Kari salt pans to the west, whilst the Zambesi forms the north-western boundary from the Victoria Waterfalls to the Zambe. The territory over which Lobengula reigned is more than 160,000 square miles in extent; in the centre of this territory Bulawayo (the city of murder) is situated.

The distance from Cape Town is: up to Vryburg 775 miles, from there to Mafeking 102 miles, from there,

taken by cyclometer, to Gaberones 100 miles, from there to Palla 104 miles, from there to Palapye 33 miles, from there to Tati 94 miles, from there to Bulawayo 120 miles, altogether about 1385 miles; about the half of this we travelled by ox-waggon, viz., from Vryburg to Bulawayo, 611 miles. We left Vryburg on July 9, and arrived at Bulawayo on August 23. Deduct one week for our little excursion trip in Tati, then it appears that we did not spend quite a month on this part of the journey, which is considered to be very good. Add to this that not one of our oxen was even ill, whilst other travellers lose about one-third of their oxen, and you must acknowledge that we have cause for gratitude that our journey had been so prosperous.

We have now already passed Bulawayo, and I am writing at the Queen's Reef, in the Bembezi gold belt, thirty miles north-east of Bulawayo. But before I offer any opinion on this country and its suitableness for agriculture and cattle breeding, or on its mineral riches, we shall proceed higher up through the Bembezi gold belt to Gwelo, about 120 miles; from there over Gwelo to the southern gold belt, to return by that route to Bulawayo.

Meanwhile we can keep you profitably employed by giving you some information about the Matabele nation, the old mining works and ruins, and what the latest historians relate about them.

Matchobana, the father of Umsiligaze (better known amongst us as Moselikatse, or abbreviated, "Salkats"), was an independent chief, whose territory lay to the

north-east of Natal. He was conquered by a neighbouring tribe, and fled with the remnant of his people to Chaka, the valiant Zulu king, and was taken up amongst Chaka's people.

About the year 1827, when the bloodhound Chaka had reached the summit of his glory, Matchobana's son, Salkats, served as induna, or commander of a regiment of the Zulu king. Though young, he proved himself a courageous commander, and was placed by Chaka at the head of one of his best regiments, which, however, for the greater part consisted of men of Salkats' tribe. On one of his pillaging excursions to the north, Salkats captured a vast number of cattle, and retained a considerable part for himself and his people. Thereupon Chaka sent an impi (a regiment) against him to defeat him and to capture the cattle. A desperate fight followed. Salkats was beaten, and fled north-east with his people, "eating up" all the small tribes in that direction. He proceeded as far as the great Mariko River, where he established himself. The peaceful Bahuroetsi and Abahathi tribes were conquered by him, and he established himself there, having his chief town to the north of Zeerust. He speedily became so strong that he was the terror of all the surrounding tribes, and was able to repel the repeated attacks of Dingaan, Chaka's successor.

For about ten years he continued strengthening his army and exterminating the surrounding tribes. Then he heard of the emigrant farmers, who had advanced close to the Vaal River, and at once sent an army of

5000 of his best warriors to exterminate these farmers also.

At the first unexpected attack twenty-eight whites were killed, almost all their cattle captured, and even some women and children carried away. How the Boers took revenge and drove Salkats to the north is well known. Salkats, with his people, disappeared into the unknown north.

Later it became known that he marched as far as the Zambesi, but had to return because he could not cross it with his followers. He conquered the Matabele highlands, then inhabited by the Makalakas and Mashonas, and established himself at Bulawayo, that being a healthy part.

The eye of Salkats was, however, constantly turned to the north of the Zambesi. It is related that he once made every preparation to cross the Zambesi with his army and conquer Baroetsiland on the other side. To do this he entered into an agreement with Wanki, a petty chief, who lived on the southern bank of the river, to put him and his army across the river. Wanki took Salkats and his army in boats (canoes) and landed them on an island in the middle of the river, with the promise to come and take them further on the morrow. But he fled to the Baroetsi and left Salkats and his men on the island. Many were drowned in their attempts to swim back, the crocodiles caught many, but Salkats and a portion of his army succeeded in recrossing the river and reaching Bulawayo again.

When Salkats returned, he found that his people, thinking he was dead, had, during his absence, acknowledged Kurumane as his successor. Being very much annoyed at this, he had the indunas who had taken part in the matter executed, and sent Kurumane as an exile to Umbigo, a chief he thought to be loyal to him.

Salkats, as a barbarian, was a Hannibal, or Alexander the Great. What he founded was, however, not a nation with tendency for national development and prosperity, but a military organisation. The system by which Bismarck and Von Moltke strengthened the German army, and in which some European Powers have followed them, has already, though under different circumstances, been carried out by Chaka in Zululand and by Salkats in Matabeleland, with this addition, that they made the sexual passion, which is very strong among the natives, co-operate to the attainment of their object. The young Kaffirs were not allowed to marry before they had washed their assegais in blood.

This was done in the following manner: As descendants of Ishmael (more of this later on) they are circumcised upon reaching manhood. This is accompanied by many ceremonies and mysteries, called "school" by them. They are separated from society for a time, the young men and young women in separate groups, and instructed in the secrets of married life and in the whole of the Kaffir morals. When they come back from this "school" the Kaffir girls are marriageable, and wear as a sign thereof a peculiar head-dress.

The young men, however, may not as yet marry, but are drilled and form a regiment. Then follows the great annual dance, after which the chief throws his assegai, and in that direction the young regiment marches to go and wash their assegais in the blood of weaker tribes. All the aged are killed and the younger brought home as slaves, and all the cattle are captured. Thus they return with rich spoil. If they have made a good raid they get consent to marry, otherwise they must remain one year longer unmarried in a military kraal. Only after their marriage they are allowed to enter society with their families. But even then they still belong to their regiment, and must at times take part in the drill and, when called out, go to war.

All these military kraals are more or less arranged in the same way. The military kraals of Bulawayo and of the renowned Imbezi regiment we have seen already. Of course it is now burned down. The following description by Maude, in his lecture "Matabeleland, the Future Goldfields of the World," gives us a fair idea of such a kraal:

An immense circular space, about three-quarters of a mile in circumference, is enclosed by a high and strong fence, formed of poles planted in the ground. About twenty yards inside of this there is a similar fence, and between the two walls of poles the city is built. At four points, north, south, east, and west, are four public entrances or gates. Within this double wall of poles is an immense space, quite a quarter of a mile in diameter, which is used as a parade or drill

ground for the regiment living in the kraal; and in the middle, surrounded by another wall of poles, are the quarters of the king, including the kraal for the cattle belonging to the tribe, as also the revered goat kraal. Passing into this through the entrance, you come into a large enclosure, along the walls of which, if the king is at home, large numbers of councillors and soldiers are seated. Great heaps of ox-horns give evidence of the great meat feasts which are from time to time held here. In the front there is a neat wall of poles intersecting this space; passing through the entrance of this you come to the sanctuary, the private quarters of the king. This description applies to all military kraals, excepting that at Bulawayo in the inner circle are two squarely built houses, the one a waggon house, the other the king's residence. This inner space in every military kraal is the king's sanctuary, and no one may enter it excepting the members of the king's court when he is absent.

The subjects of Salkats and Lobengula are not all Matabeles or Zulus by descent. The nation is divided into three classes, very clearly described by Moffat:

Salkats has shown his genius in the success wherewith he formed one nation out of the least promising material, and inspired them with his own martial spirit. There are three different classes amongst the Matabele: (1) The original Zulus, who came with him, and their children. Of those who crossed the Drokensberg with him only a few are left, and they have very few children, for marriage was not acknowledged under the former military rule of Salkats, when he fought for his existence. This first or aristocratic class is small, but naturally very influential. They are known as the "*Bezansi*," *i.e.*, "those coming from the low coastland." (2) The middle class is large, and consists of men in the zenith of life, who were taken up in the tribe during the early days of

its formation. They are mostly Basutos and Bechuanas, and can still say to which tribe they belonged, although they were taken prisoners in their youth. And yet they are quite different from the members of that tribe. They are physically better developed, and quite as accustomed to military rule as the Zulus. Any one who doubts that the characteristics of a race can be altered, or almost totally changed in one generation, has only to go and compare the Bechuanas and their families in their huts, with their relations who were taken prisoners in their youth by Salkats, and brought up as brave and strong soldiers. This middle class is called the *Beula*, or "people of the highlands." They cannot boast of the distinction which the Bezansi enjoy, but then they are animated with the national spirit, and look down with great contempt upon their brethren, the *Basholo*. (3) The third and lowest class, known as the *Magole* or "bushmen," are the slaves taken as captives from the Makalakas and Mashonas in later wars. They now serve their apprenticeship, and later become warriors like their predecessors. Even these young men become Matabeles, with heart and soul, after they have overcome the bitterness of the first months of exile; they sing their war songs, and, swinging their knobkieries behind the cattle, extol the glory of Machobana. This mysterious personage is the father of Salkats and the national deity of the Matabeles.

As we have said, Salkats was the founder of a military organisation, not the founder of a nationality. The Matabeles ploughed and sowed very little; in the way of digging and working of metal they did nothing like the Mashonas and Makalakas; they did not breed cattle like the other Kaffirs. Whilst other Kaffirs love their cattle and seldom eat meat, the Matabeles lived mostly on meat, but then it was the meat of captured

cattle. In reality they lived like beasts of prey, robbing the surrounding tribes in their annual raids.

Consequently, now that their military power is broken, they are in a worse position than the other Kaffirs. Their cattle are taken from them as a war indemnity, their little Kaffir corn and mielies are taken to feed the horses of their conquerors or to be burnt. They cannot work, not being accustomed to it. A Matabele being asked to work, showed his hands and said: "How can I? My hands are softer than those of a white woman." We witnessed how they came to exchange the few cattle that had been left them, or that they had hidden, giving a big slaughter ox for three-quarters, and a cow with a calf for half, a bag of Kaffir corn. In addition to this pitiful state the Makalakas and Mashonas, who formerly were their slaves, now take their revenge, mocking and jeering at them wherever they meet them, especially when working together. So great is the strain, that when the two races work together, a separate Kaffir must be kept for each party as cook; they do not eat together; the Matabele does not eat what the Mashona has cooked, and *vice versâ*. It is not to be wondered at that the conquered Matabeles now hide themselves; one hardly sees them: judging from that, you would scarcely think that you are in Matabeleland. Their great kraals are burned, they now live in some kraals far away from the roads. Some seem to think of "trekking" across the Zambesi, to seek a new home, as Salkats did. Only they have

no leader, there is even no successor to the throne. There is consequently hopeless confusion on this point. One Matabele told us that they would certainly cross the Zambesi to found a new kingdom there. To our remark: "But the Baroetsies are hostile to you, and you have no weapons," he replied: "We will go with only our knobkierris: if the Baroetsies only see us, they run away." Another Matabele, however, being interrogated by us, gave just an opposite reply; he said: "Where shall we go? When the Boers beat us we came here; but where shall we go now? No, we must just stay here and work for the farmers." When we remarked that the Boers had not beaten them this time, he answered: "Yes, but the Boers are at the bottom of it, they have only used the English."

In any case the Matabele are now completely subjected; their power is broken; the farmer can live unmolested on his farm, and the digger with pick and spade can explore the country. The bloodthirsty dynasty of Salkats and Lobengula lasted for only half a century. Moreover, as we have seen, their military organisation had no national foundation.

But let us resume the thread of our history. Salkats, like another Alexander the Great, has conquered the world known to him; northward, from the Limpopo to the Zambesi; eastward, from Umzila to the lake G'Nami. When he had firmly established his power he became fond of ease, he did not accompany the raids personally: he married more wives, who at his death numbered

500. On account of this easy life he became sickly in his old age, and suffered especially from gout. He remained on good terms with the Boers, and always received them kindly on their hunting expeditions, only he would not allow prospecting for minerals in his country. He feared the gold, and gold was one of the causes of the downfall of the dynasty he had established.

His influence among his people was so great that, even in his old age, his power was unlimited: they crawled before him in the dust as before a god. His death was kept a secret for some days, and when it could no longer be hidden and he was buried, people hardly dared to say that he was dead.

Salkats died in 1868. Kurumane was the heir to the throne, but as we have seen, he had been exiled by his father, and his uncle, Umbogate, made it known that he was murdered, and that he himself had taken part in it. But Umbigo, head of the great military kraal, Zwangenduba, declared that Salkats had secretly banished him. Parties were sent out to seek him, but he was nowhere to be found. Umbogate and his Council were no longer able to curb such a headstrong people. Differences arose and revolution and anarchy were imminent.

Umbogate saw the necessity that a king should be appointed at once and chose Lobengula (the defender), as being the best beloved son of Salkats, though not of the royal wife. At first Lobengula refused, saying:

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"Try first to find Kurumane. Send messengers to Natal, write to Shepstone, and then if you do not find him, I shall consent to be king."

The attempt, however, was futile, and in 1870 Lobengula was anointed king. But Umbigo declared that he would acknowledge no other king than Kurumane, and several of the strongest regiments joined him. Lobengula saw that the time for decided action had come. He decided to allow them no time; assembled as strong an army as possible; defeated them, and so stamped out the revolt.

Lobengula was now king, not on the ground of succession, but chosen out of the people. He began his reign with great caution, and gradually established his rule. One by one and at intervals he removed the old indunas of his father, mostly on the charge of witchcraft. In their place he appointed his favourites. But he never had that power over the people which his father had. In our next we shall relate more about his rule and downfall.

LETTER IX

LOBENGULA, THE DESTROYER OF THE MATABELE EMPIRE

Contrast between Salkats and Lobengula—The Weaknesses of Lobengula—Lobengula the Victim of English Policy—Downing Street does what Pretoria refused to do—Not the Boer, but the Englishman acquires the North—First by Diplomacy, then by Gold Concessions, finally with the Maxim—The Grobler Murder—"Bobejaan" sent to the White Queen—England's Suzerainty acknowledged—"Protection," which in Five Years' time annihilated the Empire—His Birthright sold for a Pottage of Lentils, or Lobengula's Concession Policy—Concession first towards North-east, then South-west—More and larger Concessions—The Chartered Company with Rights on One-eleventh of Africa, or One Million square Miles—Had Rhodes the Right to make War?—The War commenced—Had it been against Salkats!—Assegai or Rifle—The Entrance Gates not Guarded—What happened at Mangwe—The Shangani Battle—Two clever Scouts—Wilson idolised, Forbes censured—The Bembezi Battle—Night and Dawn in Matabeleland.

As remarked in my previous letter, the Matabele dynasty remained in existence only for half a century, under the rule of two tyrants, each of whom governed for about a quarter of a century. The career of Salkats

I briefly described in my last sketch; this time I must describe the adventures of Lobengula, the destroyer of the Matabele empire. His name means "Defender," but for the Matabele nation he was the "Destroyer."

He continued the military rule of his father, but he never personally took part in the wars. Those immediately surrounding him, as well as all his people, had to cringe and crawl before him and honour him as a god, but this homage was only external; he never possessed the respect they had for Salkats; on the contrary, he had to kill all the members of the royal family, because he did not trust his own power, and always feared a revolution.

On two points especially he showed his weakness. Salkats had once experienced what the guns of the Boers could accomplish, and he remained on terms of friendship with the Boers up to the day of his death. But Lobengula wanted, with double-faced policy, to play off the Englishman against the Boer. But he was not enough of a diplomatist for that *rôle*, and he became the victim of English policy. If he had, like his father, steadfastly adhered to the side of the Boers, he would probably to-day still have been in possession of his kingdom.

For—and here is his second weakness—the English were the first to obtain gold rights in his country, and afterwards the country itself. And he was the prime cause of it. Salkats foresaw the danger of the gold,

and would not allow even the friendly Boer to take a piece of quartz out of his dominions. But Lobengula gave one concession after the other on the mineral rights in all parts of the country under the authority of the Matabele. This was the originating cause of the war that cost him his country.

Both points are of too great historical worth to pass them by without comment. Therefore a short explanation.

By the London Convention the Transvaal bound itself to enter into no treaty with the natives to the east or west of the Republic without the sanction of England, the *north* was, for good reasons, left unmentioned. In that direction the Transvaal consequently had the right to extend its borders, and there lay Lobengula's kingdom. But how was he disposed towards Boer and Englishman? Immediately after the London Convention a dispute arose between England and the Transvaal about the western boundary, in connection with the two new Republics, "Stellaland" and "Land Goscn." Sir Charles Warren, accompanied by the political missionary McKenzie, was sent out to take Mankoroane, Montsioa, and other tribes under British "*protection*." Well, they came. Mankoroane, Montsioa, Secheli, Lynchwe, Gasibone, Chama all kept under the English wing for protection. But these two Commissioners were not satisfied; they wished to take Lobengula and the Matabele also under their protection. They did not venture to go to him personally, therefore they sent

Maund with a deputation to sound Lobengula, as to whether he would also come under British protection. Lobengula gave them to understand that he could protect himself if only England would not continue arming Chama, whom he looked upon as a disloyal petty chief. Being asked whether the duumvirate should come to him to treat, he answered naïvely (so the story runs) in true Kaffir style: "I have long ago heard that a big snake is coming, with his head to the north, but I am accustomed to cut off the heads of snakes."

It is needless to say that the two ambitious heroes did not venture to go to Lobengula, nor did they take him under the blessed protection of England.

But something quite different might have happened. Lobengula had inherited from his father respect for the Boers. He remained amicably disposed towards them. But when he heard of the heroic deeds and the victories of the Boers, he sent two of his indunas to Pretoria, after the war of independence, with an elephant tusk, to congratulate them upon their success, and to ask Krüger and Joubert to come to him and to enter into a treaty of friendship. Later on, when he saw how Chama was being armed against him, after the Warren expedition, he again sent a deputation to the Transvaal with an elephant tusk, to ask Krüger "for his hand," now that Britain had given its hand to Chama, meaning again that he wished to enter into a treaty of friendship and alliance with the Boers.

It is not our intention to make an abuse of State

secrets, but simply to mention historical facts, by stating that Joubert was on both occasions in favour of such a treaty, and was ready to go in person to Bulawayo with that object in view. But Krüger was against it, and it ended in nothing being done.

Had Joubert gone at that time and concluded a treaty with Lobengula, the history of Matabeleland would doubtless have been quite different. Krüger's policy was the cause of the Grobler murder and of the foolery that took place when Lobengula sent Babyaan to England to kiss the hand of the great Queen, after Krüger had refused him his hand.

But this was not all. Krüger's hesitation inveigled Lobengula still further into the nets of the English. On February 11, 1888, Lobengula signed the following treaty with the English:

The Chief Lobengula, ruler of the tribe known as the Amandebele, together with the Mashona and Makakalaka, tributaries of the same, hereby agrees to the following articles and conditions:-

That peace and amity shall continue for ever between her Britannic Majesty, her subjects, and the Amandebele people; and the contracting Chief Lobengula engages to use his utmost endeavours to prevent any rupture of the same, to cause the strict observance of this treaty, and so to carry out the spirit of the treaty of friendship which was entered into by his late father, the Chief Umsilagaas, with the then Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, in the year of our Lord 1836.

It is hereby further agreed by Lobengula, chief in and over the Amandebele country, with its dependencies as aforesaid, on behalf of himself and people, that he will refrain from entering into any correspondence or treaty with any foreign

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(*See page* 107)

State or Power to sell, alienate, or cede, or permit, or countenance any sale, alienation, or cession of the whole or any part of the said Amandebele country under his chieftainship, or upon any other subject without the previous knowledge and sanction of her Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa.

The thin edge of the wedge had been got in. Scarcely five years had passed and this huge savage empire has been rent to shreds!

Still more through his concession policy did Lobengula dig a grave for himself and for his people; as regards time he was even in advance of Krüger in this respect. May the reward of his Esau's policy—selling his birthright for a pottage of lentils—be a warning example to Krüger, the Transvaal, and the whole of South Africa!

As we have seen, Salkats feared the gold; scarcely had Lobengula got the reins of despotism in his hand before he began to give concessions for the digging of gold. This reminds us of a similar contrast in the Transvaal. In the early days of the Republic, a farmer was fined 80 rix dollars because he came to show the "landsvaders" samples of quartz containing visible gold, and at present the Transvaal government eagerly proclaims one gold-field after the other.

But to return to Lobengula. In 1870, almost immediately after his succession to the government, he promised Mr. Baines, on behalf of the South African Goldfields Exploration Company, Limited, such a concession on the minerals in a part of his country.

The company, however, wanted to have a written document, and Lobengula gave one on August 29, 1871, wherein he granted the company the "full right of exploring, prospecting, and digging for *gold* in the whole region lying between the Gwailo River south-west and the Ganiana north-east, which grant includes the right to build houses and stores, to put up machinery for stamping quartz and for other purposes; the free use of the roads through his country for conveying machinery, provisions, material, and other necessaries, and for the transport of the gold thus obtained, besides all other little items connected with gold digging." The only consideration he got for all this was that he "should annually receive such a present as seemed to them suitable and acceptable to him." But Lobengula took care to add the following stipulation: "By granting this concession I do not alienate this or any other part of my kingdom, but retain the sovereignty of my kingdom unimpaired."

This concession, after being transferred from one hand to another, is at present in possession of the British South Africa Company.

The next concession is that of Tati, granted in 1872, concerning which we wrote formerly.

The third concession was given to Wood, Francis, and Chapman, in the "disputed territory," to which both Lobengula and Chama lay claim, and which is situated between the Shashi and Macloutsi Rivers, on condition of the payment of £100. This concession

was afterwards repudiated by Lobengula, when he heard that those gentlemen had, for the sake of security, obtained a similar concession from Chama.

Then followed several smaller concessions, mostly verbal, and some of dubious value. Be it enough to state that the British South Africa Company took over all these concessions in a liberal manner, and amalgamated them all.

Now about the last concession. Hitherto Lobengula had given concessions on regions lying outside the country actually inhabited by his people—*i.e.*, outside Matabeleland proper. But like a mouse he was enticed into a trap, and like a bird in a net.

In February 1888, Lobengula signed the agreement with the British Government, and in October of the same year he gave the concession which put an end to his kingdom. This concession he gave to Rhodes, Rudd and Co., after he had given a similar promise to Mr. Maund for another company.

This concession was properly sanctioned by the British Government, and a charter of privileges given to the British South Africa Company, not only for the carrying out of the rights therein mentioned, but within certain limitations also transferring the British power of administration over the parts of the country situated within the sphere of British influence, even north of the Zambesi. Hence it is generally called "The Chartered Company." And in order to further establish the authority of this company other concessions were

taken over and acquired from the chief of the Baroetsi by means of Mr. Lochner (whom we had met at Palapye) and from other chiefs, so that the authority of the company extends from British Bechuanaland and the Transvaal on the south to the German and Portuguese territory to the west, the Congo State in Central Africa to the north, and Portuguese territory to the east; about 1,000,000 square miles, or one-eleventh part of the whole of Africa. It is not only a large, but also a rich country, so that this company, under the administration of a man like Mr. Rhodes, has a great future.

But let us return to Lobengula and Matabeleland. According to the concession we have quoted before, Lobengula gave all the mineral rights, not only of Matabeleland, but of all his dependencies, viz., Mashonaland and the parts inhabited by the Makalakas, into the hands of this company, leaving out only the Tati territory.

"But this concession gave rights only with regard to the minerals. What right, then, had Mr. Rhodes and the Chartered Company to make war with Lobengula?" Thus the opponents of Mr. Rhodes speak. Taken in the abstract, Mr. Rhodes had no such right; but then, taken in the abstract, war is in no case justifiable according to the strong principles of justice.

We are not writing a history of the late Matabele war, nor a defence of the Chartered Company. We only take a practical view of the case. Lobengula had given the company not only the right to the

minerals, but also to mine and to do anything that stood in connection therewith. When the company had spent £500,000 in opening up the country, Lobengula sent (according to his old custom) his impis to levy taxes, as he said, but really to murder the Mashonas and to capture their cattle by force. We were told by eye-witnesses that they killed Mashonas in the service of Europeans, even in Fort Victoria, and even in the Sunday school. Well, then, how is it possible to dig gold? What company will spend thousands of pounds if the barbarous Matabele can at any time come and murder their labourers? Then comes the claim of humanity. How the opponents of Mr. Rhodes would have cried "shame" if he had allowed the Matabele to murder the Mashonas under the very eyes of his police force? . . . . But, besides that, the cup of the Matabele was full. Vengeance for all the innocent blood they had shed had to come, and did come.

Hence it is that Lobengula showed his weakness in the war itself even more than in being the originating cause of it. "Whom the gods have destined to destruction they smite with blindness." So said the ancient Greeks; so it was here.

Lobengula could not avoid the war even if he wanted to. The whole of his bloodthirsty people and his rapacious government hurried on his downfall. But he might have waged the war in a more worthy manner. Certain it is that, if the company had had to carry on the war against Salkats, when he was still in his prime,

the victory would, in any case, not have been obtained so easily.

We have spoken with many of the volunteers who had taken part in the war (perhaps we shall give an interview we had with a few); what we write is thus founded not only on what we read in the newspapers at the time, but on the evidence of trustworthy eye-witnesses from both sides (for we have also interviewed the Matabeles), and on personal inspection of the country where the war was waged. Both in the foolishness of the Matabeles and in the good luck which attended the assailants, we see the avenging hand of God over all the innocent blood which had been shed by that tribe.

The first weakness shown by Lobengula was that, instead of arming his force with the assegai only, he sought strength in the rifle. Cetchwayo said: "The man who invented the gun was a coward," and Isandula and Zlobane have given proof how formidable a Zulu army is when armed with assegais, even against a force with guns and cannons. Salkats established this powerful kingdom with the assegai; Lobengula destroyed it by the clumsy use of rifles. Just fancy what folly: a steamboat with cannon on the Zambesi, and 1000 rifles with 100,000 rounds of ammunition for his 20,000 warriors! Of course he intended to use the steamboat against the Baroetsi and the rifles against Chama, but when he went out to war against the company he wanted to fight them with the arms

he had got from her. That was the chief cause of his defeat. The Transvaal farmer says: "The Zulu with his assegai is an enemy to be feared, but with a gun he is worth nothing. Had Lobengula stuck to the assegai, and had he attacked the incoming force in the mountain passes and forests, especially by night, the result would have been different, at least in the beginning."

This was his second mistake. Instead of stopping the enemy on his inaccessible borders with his chief regiments, he presumptuously enticed them into the open country, and attacked them there at first with light young regiments, probably thinking that, having been enticed into the country, he could easily annihilate them with his veteran regiments.

It is also to be borne in mind that Matabeleland is a territory with no roads and almost inaccessible borders. Really there was only one waggon road made by the hunters, crossing the country in a slanting direction from Mangwe on the south-west across Bulawayo to the Hartley Hills on the north-west. The Transvaal lies to the south, to the south-east and east is the impenetrable Matopo range, to the north the unhealthy lowlands of the Zambesi. In fact the country could only be attacked from two sides, on the east from Mashonaland and on the south-west from British Bechuanaland through the impregnable Mangwe pass. If he had concentrated his forces on these two points, 900 or 1000 volunteers would not so soon and so easily have conquered the country.

But now see what he did. The Mangwe pass for twenty miles runs through a mountain range full of granite koppies and bush. Then Lobengula put only one regiment at the entrance; and had Colonel Goold-Adams marched in there, probably not a single man would have returned; this all the men who served with him as volunteers acknowledge. Luckily the Colonel had Selous and Raaf with him, and these marched by a detour to the north-west in order to draw out the Matabele, who were actually presumptuous enough to go six miles out in the open to attack the Colonel. There they had to be beaten back, and still had Selous and Raaf not been present the result might have been fatal to the volunteers. For the Matabele were beaten off (and this was at the time not publicly mentioned) only after four waggons with provisions and ammunition had been taken and burned, and Selous, by whom chiefly worse results were prevented, had been wounded. We saw some of the ironwork of the burned waggons at Mangwe. And still that regiment held the pass and would have held it, had not the reports of the defeats sustained by the Matabeles against the Mashonaland column discouraged them, and caused them to retreat voluntarily and leave that pass open to the invaders.

And how did the combined columns of Salisbury and Victoria, under command of Majors Forbes and Wilson, fare? First of all, the Matabele allowed the columns to combine and enter the country unmolested. Here

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must be mentioned that the two American scouts, Burnam and Ingram, did excellent service by reconnoitring the country in advance, and informing the column by heliograph where the Kaffirs were, whereby the combined column was able to enter the country safely, avoiding the forests and ridges occupied by the Kaffirs. Still there was opportunity enough to attack the column. But the first attack was made by the Matabele at Shangani, on a comparatively open space, early in the morning, just before dawn.

And here also the attack might have been fatal to the column had it been made by one of Lobengula's choice regiments. For Major Forbes had given orders to the sentries, who were posted 100 yards apart, at some distance from the lager, to continue parading up and down till they met each other. The Matabeles, who came creeping along, could plainly distinguish the sentries against the sky as they were walking to and fro, and there were openings enough to crawl through without being noticed, as every one will understand who knows that a sentry standing still, or lying down, can more easily notice an approaching enemy in the dark, than one who walks up and down ; whilst the moving sentry is easily perceived by the approaching enemy.

The result was that the Matabele had crawled through between the sentries, and were already busy murdering the Mashonas before they were perceived by a single sentry. The first they heard was the

screaming of the Mashonas, who ran into the lager followed by the Matabeles. Major Forbes at once gave the order to fire, though not a single sentry had yet entered the camp, but Major Wilson waited with his firing till all his sentries were back in the camp (they trekked in two rows of waggons during the day and encamped in a dual camp at night). And wonderful to relate, all the sentries came back into the camp unhurt by the firing of their comrades.

Here is perhaps the best place to mention that Major Wilson was the idol of all the volunteers, whilst we did not meet a single one who spoke well of Major Forbes. On the contrary, every one seemed to think that matters would have gone worse had Wilson not been there, and if Forbes had had his own way in everything, though he was the commander-in-chief.

But thanks to the fright caused amongst the young Matabele warriors by the shooting of rockets a night before, thanks to the good work done by the Maxim guns, and, above all, thanks to a watchful Providence, the day soon dawned, and the young Matabele were beaten back.

Then followed one more, and that one the decisive battle at the Bembezi, in which two of Lobengula's choice regiments were engaged. This time the Matabeles made the attack at 3 P.M., after the column had drawn up in lager. The attack was made in an open space, where the Maxims had an open range of at least 700 yards. The Matabele attacked bravely—especially the Imbezi

Regiment, some of whom fell only eighty yards from the laager.

This settled the war. The Matabele power was broken. Lobengula burned Bulawayo, and fled down the Shangani. Later, more about this important episode of the war, when we describe our journey through that part of the country.

LETTER X

FROM BULAWAYO TO THE QUEEN'S REEF

Further Travelling Plan—The old City of Murder—The Imbezi Military Kraal—Lobengula's Picked Regiment—Interview with a few of these Warriors—Umfasi Matiho—Severe Morality of the Kaffirs—Its Weakening by Civilisation—Old Mining Works—The Ancients were good Prospectors—Their lead is now being followed—The Queen's Reef—In the Paarl Camp.

GWELO, *September* 16, 1894.

YOU will already have noticed that we do not give you a journal similar to those you have often seen, mentioning day and date and the places where we in- and out-spanned. Our object is rather to let you participate as much as possible in our experiences along the road, so that you may have the same benefit from them that we have, and that, having come to the end of the book, you may know as much as we do ; and then if you wish to know still more, very well.

On the other hand, we do not wish to confine ourselves to the natural condition, climate, and mineral wealth of the country, for then you would probably begin to think that we were giving you an imaginary

description, like those written by Jules Verne in his study. No, I assure you that every page was written on my knee sitting under a tree, or on the riverbank, or by a stone, and written with a pencil (the poor compositors will acknowledge it to be so). That is the reason we now and again give you extracts out of our journal, which I wrote with the object of making use of it now and later on as a source from which to draw material.

We begin then from the time of our arrival at Bulawayo. The plan for our further journey was to travel thirty miles to the north of Bulawayo, over the Queen's Reef, to see something of the Bembezi gold-fields; then to go north-east past the Inyati Mission Station to the lower Gwelo gold-fields, about 140 miles from Bulawayo, and seventy-five miles from the township of Gwelo, from there up along the Gwelo River, over the village (where we write this) to the Selukwe gold-diggings, or about twenty-five miles south from here; and then to return to Bulawayo after some round-about excursions.

We left Bulawayo about four o'clock in the afternoon of August 24. The first thing that struck us was that you have not to go far to find goldreefs and the pegs of the claimholders. At Bulawayo we could already hear the dynamite shots of the diggers, and there we were also told of the many goldreefs in the vicinity of the town.

That same night we passed the old city of murder, the Bulawayo of Salkats and Lobengula, which was

burned down, and is now a ruin. When we describe the new Bulawayo we shall possibly say something about this old city of murder. Let it suffice to mention that we first rode through the military kraal on horseback, and then inspected the ruins of the city in the twilight, especially the ruins of Lobengula's house, blown up by the explosion of ammunition. It was already dark when we reached the outspan and found our friends who had travelled on with the waggon. We saw no ghosts, but in the closing twilight many of the dark scenes of the past rose before our imagination, scenes about which we had so often read and heard.

Early next morning we passed first Lobengula's slaughter kraal, or abattoirs, the scene of those savage beef orgies, where there are still pyramids of bones piled up, and afterwards the military kraal of the picked Imbezi regiment, whose ornament was ostrich plumes, and who had formerly been the terror of Matabeleland and the surrounding tribes. The kraal is formed by a circle of huts (now burned down) similar to those we have described before, only larger. We could not, even after climbing on the stem of a tree, see the circular walls of the burned down huts on the other side. We should not be surprised if this kraal measured about two miles in diameter.

And all these warriors have either perished or have fled away in shame. We were informed that one of the leaders of this regiment, after the futile attack at the

STORE—HARTLEY HILLS

(*See page 117*)

Bembezi, hanged himself, whilst one of the warriors in his confusion cried: "What shall we say to Lobengula, after we, who have eaten the fat of the land, allowed ourselves to be beaten by boys?"

But then an attack in the open country, with bush only on one side, and from there still an open space of 700 yards, covered by the Maxims, at three o'clock in the afternoon, after the waggons had been formed in lager, was indeed very hazardous. It was simply folly on their part.

That same day we met two who had fought in that engagement, at a little kraal along the road, where we had outspanned. We asked them why they had attacked the column in broad daylight, whilst Lobengula had ordered them only to attack in the night. They acknowledged having acted against orders, but said that they were sitting eating on a hill six or eight miles distant when the volunteers threw a bomb among them. At first they only laughed when they saw the smoke of the gun at such a distance, but when the bomb burst among them, wounding and killing some, they decided to put an end at once to all the whites by charging and stabbing them. But they were grievously mistaken. They did not know the Maxims yet.

That same day we passed the Umfasi Matiho (pregnant woman) mountain, called thus because Lobengula had all the pregnant wives of a regiment that had not yet washed their assegais in blood murdered on this mountain. Perhaps it is not out of place to remark

here the strict morality among the Kaffirs in their natural state. Adultery is severely punished, even by death; it consequently seldom occurs, and then only after they have been civilised (?) on missionary stations and in villages and towns. There only you may see a "half-caste" Kaffir child, never will you find one in a Kaffir kraal.

That evening we reached the Queen's Reef, where we stayed for six days, (1) because it was the first acquaintance we made with the mining works of former ages, which were now being re-opened, and (2) because the Paarl Matabeleland Syndicate has forty claims on this reef, and we, consequently, stood in the Paarl Camp, of which Mr. Jan Derksen is the manager. He had met us at Bulawayo and guided us hence. He is assisted by Mr. Isak Minnaar, also from the Paarl, and Möller, who has taken part in the whole Matabele expedition, and also in the unfortunate expedition to catch Lobengula.

Of the old mining works we shall give a more detailed description later on. Let it suffice at present to state that of the 10,000 claims pegged off in Matabeleland and Mashonaland, almost all are pegged on the sites of the old mining works, or on the supposed extension of the reefs worked by the ancients. These ancients were undoubtedly good prospectors. Remains of their mining works are still found in the Transvaal, Zwaziland, Gazaland, Mashonaland, Matabeleland, and who knows how much farther on? With the exception of the

banket formation, on Witwatersrand, nothing has as yet been discovered excepting on their tracks. What has up till now been called "prospecting" in Matabeleland has been nothing else than hunting up these old mining places, and even then only under the direction of the Kaffirs. For instance, Sir John Willoughby, immediately after the war, sent out waggons, laden with articles for Kaffir trade, to all parts of the country to hunt up these old mining places, for which he rewarded the Kaffirs with merchandise; in this way he got hundreds of claims pegged off for his syndicate.

Thus, also, on the Queen's Reef sixty claims were pegged off for him, as far as the old mining works go. Later on the Paarl Matabeleland Syndicate pegged off forty claims on the western extension of the reef, and the contractors of Willoughby's Syndicate sixty claims on the eastern extension, and on both sides the reef has already been found.

This is the first reef which we thoroughly examined. It has already been opened for about 2000 or 3000 yards; it is from 2 feet to 6 feet broad, and on the whole yields very well. And the reef becomes broader and richer the deeper you go. There is at most places a fair show of visible gold, but good pan washings at every place; so that we have here in any case a good payable reef that will yield at least from 1 to 2 ounces per ton on the plates. This reef shows two good signs: (1) it is solid, not honeycombed; (2) the visible gold is not in

hollows or cracks, but in the solid quartz; (3) the gold is not flaky, but in solid bits. In any case, the first reef we examined in Matebeleland is good, even rich, and will doubtless pay well, especially if the country is opened by a railway. And that must and will come.

LETTER XI

FROM THE QUEEN'S REEF TO SHANGANI

Burning of the "Veldt," and Prospector's Tracks through Matabeleland—With Donkeys and in Grass Huts—The Trader follows the Gold-seeker—Prices in Matabeleland—Bees' heads in Sugar—In a forsaken Orchard—The Subjection of the Matabele—Missions without Success—Lions—On the Road by which Lobengula fled—Thirteen days without Whites—Eight without seeing Kaffirs—What we saw and found along the Shangani—Books and Papers thrown away—Fishing amongst Crocodiles—Back from the wrong Road.

SELUKWE GOLDFIELDS, *September* 25, 1894.

IN our former sketch we took you only a distance of thirty miles from Bulawayo. Since then we have travelled about 300 miles from Bulawayo to where we are now—viz., on the Sulukwe goldfields, close to the borders of Mashonaland; we covered that distance in about one month's time. We have seen much in that time, more, at any rate, than we can relate in one or two sketches. Hence, only a fragment here and there.

Saturday, August 31, we left the Paarl camp on the Queen's Reef, and arrived at the Bembezi River, after travelling quite four miles along a prospector's road.

Let me mention here that the whole of Matabeleland is now under prospection, and for that reason the high grass is almost everywhere burned, so that both the traveller and the poor Matebele find it hard to procure pasture for their cattle, and the country is intersected with tracks and hardly distinguishable roads. The prospectors travel either with Scotch carts or with donkeys carrying their belongings, and where they camp they get the Kaffirs to build them round huts of poles covered with grass, and some plastered with clay below.

From the Bembezi to the Inyate mission station we travelled along the road formerly used by the hunters, now known as the Hartley Hill road. We now had occasion to notice how trade follows the gold-digger. At the Bembezi were two stores, and one at the Inyate, and so on almost everywhere, where a few months ago only barbarians were to be found. But you ought to see in what sort of grass huts these stores are kept, generally with a flag flying at the top, and with a great signboard, "Store and Canteen." Let us go inside. Very primitive! Bottles in abundance. The store consists of a lot of tinned provisions, a few bags of meal, and not much more.

And still such a shop is of so much importance that you sometimes, at a distance of miles from the store, at a cross-road, find a board informing you where such a shop is to be found. Every Kaffir can show you the way to the store, and you are sometimes only too glad to reach such a store when you require anything. We could not resist the temptation to take a few photos

of one of these stores, so important that prospectors send to it from a distance of fifty miles, and told us that we would obtain there some coffee and meal.

But now note the prices paid in this country. It may interest, probably amuse you. Of course, Bulawayo is an exception *now*, though not long ago—say six months—it was quite different. Then £1 per bottle was paid for liquor of any kind; one month before it was £2; 2*s.* for a glass of wine, and French brandy 2*s.* 6*d.* Milies fetched £2 15*s.*, and they were glad to get it at that price; paper, which happened to be scarce at the time, was sold for 15*s.* a packet of note paper with fifty envelopes; cigarettes 1*s.* per packet, &c. We give a list of the average prices:

	Bulawayo.			Country Stores.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Coffee, per lb.		3	6		4	0
Tea ,,		3	6		4	0
Sugar ,,		1	0		1	0
Rice ,,		1	0		1	6
Meal ,,		0	8		0	9
Flour ,,		0	9		1	0
Boer Tobacco		3	0		3	6
Butter		3	0		—	
Kaffir Meal, per bag	1	17	6	2	5	0
Milies	1	17	6	2	0	0
Kaffir Corn	1	17	6	2	0	0
Eggs, per doz.		9	0		—	
Fowls, each		2	6		—	
Cape Jams, per tin		1	9		2	0
Cape Brandy, per bottle		10	0		10	0
Wine, per glass		1	0		1	0
Whisky and Gin, per glass		1	0		1	6
French Brandy ,,		2	0		2	0

Even at that price it is not always to be had, and the question always is, *What* do you get? The fowls of the Mashonas and Makalakas (the Matabele have no fowls, they breed only cattle) are almost as small as bantams, and then cost 2*s.* 6*d.*! One pound sterling was offered for four of our usual barn fowls, but was refused. We paid £1 for 20 lb. of sugar at Inyate; it was sugar such as we used to see in our youth—so full of bees' heads and legs that it had to be put in warm water to remove the dirt before it was fit for use. It seems as if everything that cannot be sold elsewhere is sent to the shops on the border. But then, as we have said, the country is young, far distant, transport is expensive and takes a long time; it is surprising that the country is what it is.

We spent the Sunday at Inyate. About one mile on the western side of the river, whence we came and camped, the police camp is situated, about half a mile on one side of the road, and at the same distance on the other side the store. We camped close to the river; we drew our waggon and pitched our tent beneath a lane of "sering" trees ("Pride of India," just then in full blossom), near the ruins of a former trading-station, which had been vacated by the trader, after he had lost his wife and two children through the fever. Presumably he took his stand too near the river, for the country seems to be healthy and good. The remains of the orchard, however, give proof that any kind of fruit can be cultivated here. There are still

rows of pomegranate and fig, orange and peach trees, &c., in full blossom and with young shoots, and though they lie quite unprotected and uncared for, trodden down by cattle and damaged in every possible way, still they grow and blossom.

An interview with some of the obliging policemen showed us how totally the Matabele nation has been subjected. Just fancy, there are seventeen men here, and the nearest police camp is at Gwelo, seventy miles distant; to the north there is not a single camp, and still they keep the Matabele in perfect control. All the national cattle (which formerly belonged to Lobengula) are registered by them; the Kaffirs must herd them, and must give account of them when they are fetched.

Mission work here and elsewhere in Matabeleland was not successful thus far. Just on the opposite side, about two miles from the river, along a slope, is a mission station; it lies quite solitary and separated, and in twenty-five years no Matabele became a Christian, not even by the outward sign of baptism. And yet two missionaries labour here; one is here at present, the other has gone to England.

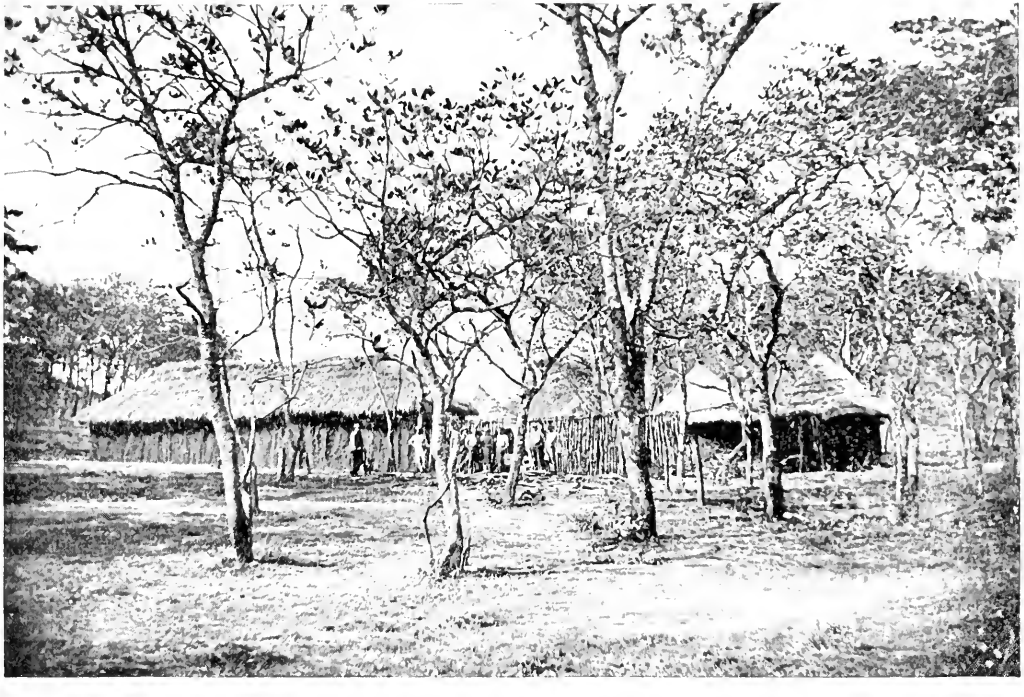
From here we intended to go to the lower Gwelo goldfields, situated on the Gwelo River, eighty or ninety miles below the new village. We inquired after the road, and the storekeeper told us that about four miles from here we had to turn out of the old road of the hunters into a new prospectors' track, along which sixteen Scotch

carts had already travelled, and then there was only one road, so that we could not go wrong.

Calmly we travelled on our solitary way, where during thirteen days we saw no European, and no Kaffir during eight days, and no one of us knew the Matabele language (Henry stayed at the Paarl camp and Derksen accompanied us further), and no one of us thought of further inquiring about the road. Thus we travelled on a scarcely perceptible track as far as the Shangani River. We passed much game of almost every kind, and here and there we saw splendid specimens of the baobab tree, some about forty feet in circumference, and some mahogany trees of gigantic growth, out of which beautiful planks could be sawn, and several kinds of wild fruit trees. The fruit of the wild orange, which was ripe just then, has a very pleasant taste.

For more than two days we followed our often almost imperceptible way, down all along the Shangani River, having only two old waggon tracks sunk deeply in the wet ground and several lighter tracks of Scotch carts to guide us, and through grass which in some places was higher than our oxen. But our road became more rough and impassable as we went on.

Everywhere we found camping-places, sometimes of Kaffir commandos with temporary huts, and one peculiarly shaped long hut, and then again the camps of the volunteer force, till we made the discovery that we were on the track along which Lobengula fled with his two



AT THE SELUKWE GOLD-FIELDS

(*See page* 124)

waggons, and on the track of his pursuers, Forbes and Wilson. But at last the rocky ridges along the Shangani River became so rough that we saw no chance of going on further. At first we had cut down trees and rolled stones out of the road, but at last we could do that no longer. Now it became clearly apparent that we were on the road followed by the fugitive king and his pursuers. We now and then found assegais, then again we found the skeletons of horses and even human beings. At last we halted. We had always still hoped that the road would cross the Shangani and lead on to the Gwelo gold-fields (the camp of Roos), but now we also gave up that hope, for we had already almost reached the confluence of the Shangani and Gwelo Rivers. We decided to halt with our waggon. Derksen took supplies for three days, and returned on horseback to obtain information about the road.

During that time we could look about a little. Close to us, on a little hill, we found the camp of Forbes when he retreated to Bulawayo, after Wilson and his thirty-two braves, who had gone to catch Lobengula, had been killed.

There still lay the bones of the knocked-up horses, which they had shot for food. Here they had thrown away everything they did not absolutely require. We found many books, much spoiled by the rain, and whose leaves had been blown about by the wind. Here is a book of instruction in the Kaffir language,

the title-page of which we wrote down in our note-book: "*Incwadi Yekukgala Yokufunda I Kcindezelwe Esikolweni Nguscnkomanzi, Enatal.* 1870." In the hour of danger the poor volunteer had lost his inclination to study the Kaffir language. A little further on we found an instruction book in the tactics of war, of which we found the leaf containing the "Contents," which we took with us. The contents are: "Contents, Part IV.—Transport, General Regulations, Laagers and Regulations for the Formation and Movements of the Transport Service; Outspans. Column of Sections—Irregular Formations, Night Formations, Laagers, Sudden Attacks," &c. This handbook probably belonged to one of the officers. But here he evidently found that theory fails among the bushes and rocks along the Shangani River when pursued by Kaffirs. For, as we were told by eye-witnesses, the whole company would have come to grief, had not Commandant Raaf with his practical experience conducted them back. For instance, shifting by night with his laagers, he continually misled the Kaffir spies. Of course the object of the Kaffirs was to attack them during the night. But towards evening Raaf used to pitch his laager as if for the night, whereupon the Kaffirs prepared to attack him there. But as soon as darkness fell the hoofs of the horses were bound up with bits of hides, and so they quietly in the dark went on to a place suitable for encamping. That was decidedly not found in a theoretical handbook.

But whatever they threw away, food they must have. Here we saw the remains, not of empty tins, but the bones of horses and the shells of tortoises, &c.

During the days we remained at the Shangani, we could observe a great deal. For miles we walked down the river, which is full of pools of water in the sand, large and small, and in the red granite rocks, sometimes very picturesque. In the sandy bed of the river you can see the footprints of almost every kind of game and beasts of prey; especially noticeable were the numerous footprints of lions and tigers, but mostly of crocodiles, with the easily distinguished trail of their tails. Often you can see the places where, lying down on the sand, they had basked in the sun. Once one of us came across a young crocodile which jumped into the water right before him.

It was very warm here, for we had descended more than 3000 feet, and that the climate is tropical is proved by the many wild dwarf palms which grow here, and which are thought to be a sign of an unhealthy climate. In Spain, however, we noticed that as soon as you descended the mountains to the beautiful regions of Andalusia the wild dwarf-palm almost covered the slopes of the hills. And who can for a moment think of calling Andalusia unhealthy?

Fishing in the Shangani was an agreeable change. White and yellow fish, "bawers" and carps, and a nice fish curry on Sunday. So one can be amused on

a lost road and the solitary veldt where not even a Kaffir is to be seen!

After three days Mr. Derksen, who had gone back to inquire after the road, came back with the information that we had taken the wrong road even before we came to the Shangani, and we thus had to go back up the Shangani for two days, along the track we had come, and then still some distance through the bushy veldt and over stony ridges without any tracks. Well, then, we courageously turn back! But of our further experiences more later on; we shall also give a sketch of the Shangani expedition in pursuance of Lobengula, and the unfortunate Wilson disaster, of which we saw and heard so much here.

LETTER XII

FROM SHANGANI TO GWELO

Stuck in the Forest—Open Roads with eight Tracks!—Baobab and Mahogany Trees—Post Pole along the Road—One Matabele with eight Wives—How the Ancients crushed the Quartz—Many thousands of Labourers—Nightly Visitors—A Sunday Dinner—A Wild Boar—A cheeky Matabele Petty Chief—A Prospector's Camp destroyed by a Dynamite Explosion—Important Information—Gwelo and its Prospects—The Surroundings of Gwelo.

SELUKWE, *August* 8, 1894.

I WRITE this sketch at the Selukwe gold-fields, on our return journey to Bulawayo, though in my last sketch I left you on the road by which Lobengula had fled. I must therefore hasten on in order not to leave you too far behind, for since then we have again travelled 120 miles with our ox-waggon, over rough roads, and for a great part without any road at all. We have just reckoned up the distance we have travelled with the slow ox. What number of miles do you think? About 1175 miles! I postpone detailed description, and give a very short *résume* of our experiences on the journey.

In the meantime we turned back along the Shangani River, then to the Gwelo gold-fields, almost 100 miles to the north of the village of Gwelo, from there up along the Gwelo River across another gold belt, twenty-five miles from the village, from there to the Selukwe gold-fields; then to Fort Victoria and Zimbabwe and back here.

On August 11, we commenced our return journey from the wrong road, on which we had followed the fleeing Lobengula, across ridges, through forests, down along the Shangani. We had to travel back quite forty miles over that rough country. We had now, however, become wiser, at least so we thought; we should not follow these tracks across rough ridges and through thick forests and uneven country alongside the river; we should leave the river and find a better road. At first we were successful. We found an open grass flat between the bushy ridges, such as is often found in Matabeleland, and travelled prosperously for about six miles. But alas! we speedily found that our grass valley tended too much in a westerly direction and took us too much away from the river and out of our direction, and became gradually narrower.

Halt! We have come to a standstill and cannot go on; the open space ends in a wedge-like shape. We are surrounded by forests on every side; not shrubs, but trees; not scattered sparsely, but very dense. What now? Turn back? No, not that! We shall outspan and seek or make a road through the forest;

straight on is impossible, the wood is too dense. Some distance back we had noticed a Kaffir footpath, winding in the direction of the river; for these dense forests are among the few places where we still met a few real Matabele.

Three of us went with saw and axe to cut a road three or four miles through the forest, back to our former track along the river, and after a delay of a few hours we could resume our journey. We relate this incident as an example of the often repeated experience in a country which has only been entered by vehicles during the last six months, and where you involuntarily learn to take notice of every track.

As a reminiscence we took a photo of our waggon and the forest in which we got stuck. Add to this that all this road-seeking and road-making happened on a very warm day and with a burning thirst, and you can form some idea of the pleasure of travelling in an unopened country. And then such a new road winds through the forest; here a knock over a trunk of a cut-down tree, there the scraping of a branch on the tent of waggon, then hard rocks to the right and left, not to speak of the crossing of innumerable rivers and brooks by fords which have not yet been properly made. On Wednesday we reached the road we had lost after two days of very hard work. What a deliverance! Here again we at last had something of a road. On the sandy bed of the river we could easily count the tracks, eight Scotch carts had passed by this road. This is

called here a well-opened way. On that day we encountered nothing particular, except the fresh footprints of a lion, who, however, did not trouble us.

Thursday we crossed the plateau between the Shangani and Gwelo Rivers. At half-past ten in the morning we passed the Umvingo River, which a little lower down flows into the Shangani. The whole region between the Shangani and Gwelo Rivers forms a healthy, good plateau, but we crossed it rather low towards the north. Parts of it are very well adapted for cattle-farming, but not for agriculture, on account of the scarcity of water. Here we passed seven baobab trees in a clump, also a few beautiful specimens of mahogany trees, real giants, of which we took photos.

The small and large game we saw here would have thrown every enthusiastic hunter into raptures. A good thing that we are not hunters, for hunting means loss of time on a journey. Still we always had sufficient game for use in our waggon.

Something that drew our attention was a pole we found at the Umvingo, with a white flag attached to the top. Upon reaching it we found it to be a postpole, with an open letter to some one who would come along this road. We met that person on the lower Gwelo gold-fields, whilst his letter was all the time waiting for him. You find more of these postpoles along the road, and sometimes they are of great service.

On Friday morning we came to a "spruit" with pools of water, having spent the previous night without

water, and after having passed in the morning some pegged off reefs. Here a Kaffir, with his eight wives, came to fetch water; they had basins filled with wild fruit; we got some in exchange, and found it very palatable. This meeting gave us an idea on the present state of the Matabele. It was plain that this family came a great distance to this solitary region, where they are at present in hiding. The eight wives of one man prove how plenteous the women are at present, after so many men, who also had full harems, had perished in the war; for the Matabele, in their raids, always brought the women with them as their property. But here we also see in what a pitiful state they are now. How emaciated the poor women are! An end has been put to their robbery, and they must now subsist on the wild fruit, which at this time of the year is very scarce.

Towards noon we arrived at the Gwelo River, at an old prospector's camp, where we outspanned alongside the river, beneath a clump of high mopani trees. The following day (Saturday) we went to inspect the gold-fields, six miles lower down, where the Paarl Matabeleland also has twenty claims. This gold belt lies about ninety-five miles to the north-west of the village of Gwelo, lower down the river, and seems to be very rich, especially the Leopard, Rose, and Van Blerk reefs, all of which have been pegged off on the old mining works.

What strikes us here is that almost every stone along the river is hollowed out, showing how many thousands

of workmen were employed here in former ages crushing quartz. Mr. Richard, a prospector, who drew our attention to this, showed us how in these hollows, made by the grinding of the quartz with round stones (as the Kaffirs still grind their corn), grooves had been cut apparently with some hard metal implements, either to facilitate the grinding process, or perhaps to retain the gold, which is heavier; also how some of these holes for grinding are deeper than others (about eight inches deep), probably to grind the quartz more finely, which in the other holes had been only roughly broken. Higher up along the Gwelo, at the next goldbelt, there are ten such mortars, hollowed out regularly in the rock in two rows of five each. Mr. Richard told us how he had found 600 of these grinding hollows in the rocks at a prospecting place a little lower, alongside the river. He also showed us a very simple iron implement, found by him in the old mining works, with which the miners took out the quartz, whilst, as a rule, they used stone implements; also that they first crumbled the quartz by heating the mines with fire, and then suddenly cooling it down with water. This is the reason why charcoal is so often found in the mines, and they mined down to the water level only.

How many thousands of labourers these ancients must have employed in order to work these extensive mines in such a primitive manner for hundreds of miles! More of this later on.

Here the old works reach a depth of fifty feet, where

the reefs are very rich, especially in visible gold, of which, however, these gentlemen would give us no samples, presumably because they wish to peg off more claims for themselves, though one prospecting party already possesses 200 claims on the old workings in the vicinity.

These gold-fields are situated about ninety-five miles to the north-west of the village of Gwelo, and still fifty miles further north-west extensive old works were discovered, containing very rich quartz. The ancients sorted their quartz very carefully ; the poor quartz was left, and only the rich parts carried to the rivers to be crushed and washed. And even of this quartz, which they left in heaps at the mines as being not rich enough, we saw samples full of visible gold, which gave rich panwashings, up to three ounces per ton.

Of the solid quartz taken out from the Leopard reef at a depth of fifty feet, we saw big lumps full of visible gold ; the gold, however, is somewhat flaky, and it is therefore possible that it appears richer than it is in reality.

That Saturday evening we came back to our mopani trees, where we had encamped the previous night, and spent the Sunday there. We had camped here three nights, and the result was that the little night apes began to look upon us as their companions ; at least the last evening and morning they came and amused us by jumping from tree to tree, and from branch to branch. They even came to sit in the low shrubs, close

to our fire, as if challenging us to catch them, but as soon as we attempted to do so they simply flew up the trees. We also had other nightly visitors. Every night we could hear the roaring of two lions, coming nearer every time. But they never molested us.

One more small incident I will mention. On Friday afternoon, having some time to spare, we went fishing in a large pool of water close to our waggon; but instead of catching fish we caught three gigantic turtles, one of which measured about two feet round the middle and three feet lengthways. They served for a splendid Sunday dinner.

We began to be in want of some provisions, and were informed that the nearest store was fifty-two miles distant; we had to go forty-two miles up along the Gwelo River in a southern direction; there we should again come into the Hartley Hills road; with that road we had to cross the river, then travel nine or ten miles in an easterly direction, and so reach the store by following the Crocodile River; from there ten miles south again to the Gwelo goldbelt, which lies twenty-five miles north of the village of Gwelo.

On Monday, travelling along the Gwelo, we saw many quartz reefs, oftentimes with old mining works on them, some of which had already been pegged off. We had no time for prospecting, but in passing we could see plainly enough that this is a vast unexplored goldbelt. Besides that, the country here is higher, healthier, and better, whilst splendid agricultural farms

could be laid out here with open veldt and bushy ranges intermixed. Now we had to travel the whole day on one Scotch cart track, and when we lost that we got into an old waggon track, which first led us through and then over a very rough rocky ridge. This was followed by a strip of granitic country.

On Tuesday morning we soon passed through the granite belt and came into a gold formation. Here we again found a deserted prospector's camp, and from there a few more tracks and, for us, now an open road. Our supply of game was running short, and one of our travelling companions shot a large wild boar, of which we took the skin of the head, with the famous tusks with us as a memento.

Wednesday before dawn we reached the Hartley Hills road.

What a blessing to have an open road once more! We reached the important store early in the morning, and there we bought a little coffee and sugar, which we were in want of. We were glad to get a pound of coffee at 4*s.*, and a pound of Boer meal at 9*d.* The building in which this store was kept was about as large as our spring waggon. We took a photo of the store to be able to show in later years with what kind of stores the land was opened up.

That same evening we went as far as the Black River, where the Matabele Chief Mavin lives; he took no active part in the war because he awaited the incoming column, with his regiment, at the Hartley Hills,

and they travelled by another route. The consequence is that he and his people still live here, but are so impudent that it has already been necessary to give them a little proof of what the Maxim can do.

The country here is very good; the cattle and sheep of the Kaffirs are in good condition; there is abundance of water; and splendid agricultural farms can be laid out along the Black River, with the gold-fields close by.

That evening, between nine and ten o'clock, we heard a loud dynamite explosion. In the morning we saw that there were prospectors' camps about. Here we had to see the prospector Lennock, in order to obtain information about two goldfarms of the Paarl Matabeleland Syndicate. Mr. Derksen went on horseback to inquire after Mr. Lennock, and came back with Mr. Rooke, the partner of Lennock. He told us that they had both gone to Bulawayo, that he had returned the previous evening with a store of provisions and dynamite, &c.; that the Kaffir hut wherein the dynamite was placed took fire in the night, and when he awoke he had to flee for his life: he was only just out of reach when the explosion which we had heard, occurred. He said that all their provisions, &c., had been burned, and that he was now bereft of everything and quite solitary; that he expected Mr. Lennock the following day; that the goldfarms of the Paarl Syndicate were situated about forty miles to the north of this; that both he and his partner had claims on those farms, and that they were just ready to go there, as soon as Mr. Lennock was back from Bula-

wayo ; that the farms lay between two rivers, on both of which were large alluvial diggings, and that the farms were intersected by old mining works on reefs ; also that those fields here were most promising, and that the reefs on the other side of the river, especially the Shamrock, Irene, and Rose of Sharon (in the last of which the Paarl Syndicate also has a share), were very rich ; and finally, that there was an important old fort in the vicinity, although it unluckily lay somewhat out of our way, &c.

After this important information we decided to go straight to the village of Gwelo with our waggon, whilst Mr. Derksen would go on horseback to the claims on the other side, and bring us a report.

The following day (Friday) we arrived at Gwelo, a village barely two months old, but with a fair show of houses, with a healthy and beautiful situation against a well-wooded slope, just where the Gwelo takes its rise, though here it has water at present only in pools. This is the great objection against the village. The pools might prove unhealthy, and they dry up in the dry seasons. Otherwise the situation is healthy, 4500 feet high, and the water can be got from the surrounding farms.

We believe that this village has a great future, situated in one of the best and healthiest parts of Matabeleland, with rich gold-fields for twenty-five miles on both sides (the Selukwe fields are situated about twenty-five miles south), being besides on the main road from Bulawayo to Charter and Salisbury, and on the

watershed along which the railway must in future run. Towards evening Mr. Derksen came back, bringing highly favourable reports, and also some samples of rich quartz from the Gwelo gold-fields, where we parted from him.

That same evening we went to a farm of the Paarl Syndicate adjoining the commonage of Gwelo. The farm lies on the plateau of Gwelo, and we found four "spruits" in the part over which we went, with running water. The grass is short and sweet, the same as on the high veldt of the Transvaal, Ermelo, and Standerton, which are known as the best cattle districts in the Transvaal. Besides the many kinds of sweet grass, we also saw several kinds of small shrubs resembling our "schaapboschjes." It is an open country, with just sufficient bushy ridges to make it suitable for cattle farming.

Enough for this time.

LETTER XIII

ANOTHER 350 MILES PER OX-WAGGON

Retrospect—Thirteen hundred Miles per Ox-waggon—Back by Three Roads—Why we chose the Beira Route—The Selukwe Gold-fields—The Paarl also here well represented—Beautiful Scenery—Forests of wild Loquats—New Roads in a new Land—The Victoria District suitable for Agriculture and Cattle farming—Testimonies of Farmers from the Colony, Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal—Fort Victoria—The Country surrounding Zimbabwe—At the Grave of Wilson and his brave Company—"Morgenster," the first Mission Station of the Dutch Reform Church in Rhodesia—Mashona Towns on Granite Koppies—How the Mashonas cultivate their lands—Back to Bulawayo.

BULAWAYO, *October* 19, 1894.

I WRITE this sketch at Bulawayo, after a tour of eight weeks through Matabeleland and Mashonaland. Here we take leave of our ox-waggon, after having travelled 1300 miles with it in three and a half months' time. The whole journey was very prosperous; we had no adversity worth mentioning, none of us were seriously ill, and we lost but one of our oxen, which strayed and was not recovered. If we compare this with the difficulties and losses others had to contend with; if

we think through what impassable regions we passed, and by what impossible roads, sometimes on one or two tracks, and sometimes through the veldt and across ridges without any track at all, through rivers without fords, through forests and barren regions, where lions, tigers, &c., roam about, then, indeed, we have cause for gratitude. Roughly taken, the way we travelled was as follows: From Vryburg to Bulawayo (with the circuitous road over Tati), 670 miles; from Bulawayo over the Bembezi, Shangani, Gwelo, and Selukwe gold-fields to Victoria and Zimbabwe, and back again to Bulawayo, about 635 miles.

Now our travelling company separate. Mr. Malherbe goes from here, per omnibus, to Pretoria, and from there per rail to the Paarl; Mr. le Riche goes per mail-cart to Mafeking, and from there by rail to Kimberley; and I go from here per omnibus across Gwelo and Charter to Salisbury and Umtali; from there by cart to Chimoio; from there, so I am informed, I shall have to walk some distance (some say fifteen, others twenty-five, others fifty, and others eighty miles) to the Beira railway, which brings me to the Pungwe River; then down the river to Beira, and then by steamboat to Delagoa Bay, Durban (Natal), East London, Port Elizabeth, to take the train from there to the Paarl.

I choose this route, which will take me a longer time, because it is the more important one, with regard to the approaching tariff war about the transport to the interior from the colonial ports, Durban, Delagoa, and

Beira, and also because I shall then have a better opportunity of seeing the best part of Mashonaland. Later on more about this.

We must take you this time over a distance of 350 miles—viz., from the village of Gwelo to the Selukwe gold-fields, from there to Victoria and Zimbabwe and back, and from there, by a short roundabout way, *viâ* the Queen's Reef, to Bulawayo.

From the village of Gwelo to the Selukwe gold-fields is about twenty-five miles. For the first half of this distance you remain on the same open, level highland; then you enter the Selukwe ranges; here the country falls quite 1000 feet, for the tops of the Selukwe range are about 5000, and the Intebekwe River about 4000 feet above the sea level. This sudden sinking of the highland to a lower level has as result a region of wooded mountain ridges, intersected by deep gullies, each of which has a beautiful stream of water. On account of its being so high this mountainous region is very healthy, and nowhere in South Africa did we see more beautiful scenery.

The whole region is densely wooded, especially with the wild loquat, which generally grows as thick as our pine forests; it bears a very palatable fruit; its wood is excellent for fuel and for timber, which is of great advantage to the gold-fields. For here is a gold-bearing region fifty miles long and twenty-five miles broad.

Almost all these mountain ridges are formed of quartz and intersected by old mining-works, with ruins of forts

on the mountain tops. The prospectors of the present day have here also followed the lead of the ancients, and have pegged off almost the whole of this region. Here you find the largest digging population of Rhodesia, and here most work is done also. The European population on these diggings is estimated as between 200 and 300. The prospects of these fields are exceptionally good, on account of the extensiveness and the richness of the reefs, and especially on account of the mining facilities; here is a supply of fuel and timber wood for years (the wood of the wild loquat tree has been found in the old mines, sufficient proof of its durability), and also on account of its very favourable situation. Most of these properties can be opened up and worked by making tunnels from below the rivers in the deep "kloofs," and thus two or three levels of from 200 to 300 feet deep can be "stopped" out underneath the ridges, and in this way the quartz can be worked out from below and then carried with gravitation force in "trollies" or "trucks" to the machines at the water.

Our Paarl friends will be glad to hear that the Paarl Matabeleland Syndicate has thirty claims on these goldfields, also on yet unopened but very promising reefs, on which old mining works are to be found; also that a few young men from the Paarl (two brothers, Malherbe, Moll, Solomon, and three others) have the most flourishing trading business here, besides farms and claims.

But I must hurry on. Here we decided to make a

little expedition to Fort Victoria and Zimbabwe. Mr. McKinnon kindly assisted us with a team of fresh oxen. This gentleman owns seventy claims on the Intebekwe reef, with important old mining works, undoubtedly one of the best properties on this gold-field, besides the Dunraven and Bonsor.

From here to Fort Victoria is quite eighty miles. First of all we had to descend the mountain ridges, along a new and fearfully rough road, over stones and the trunks of trees that had been cut down. This descent lasted about twelve miles and took us almost a whole day. The surveyor, Fairbridge, accompanied us that day, and that evening we stood close to his camp, where he was busy surveying farms. We spent the evening with him, and as he is well acquainted with Matabeleland and Mashonaland, he gave us valuable information, also some articles written by himself, of which we hope to make use later on.

Now a small incident on this journey. At twilight, having reached the bottom of the hills, we found our way blocked up with branches of trees. A square piece of the bark of a tree along the road had been cut out and on the bare wood was written, "Road to Victoria direct through both the Tebekwe Rivers." Here we stayed for the night, and decided next morning to follow the new road. We soon noticed there was only one waggon track before us, and that the trees had only recently been cut down, and towards noon we met the brothers Long, who had outspanned in the veldt. They

told us that they were the new road-makers ; that they thought by taking this direction to shorten the way by twenty miles, as the other road had been made by following the cart-track of a prospector, and that we could not now branch off, as we were prevented by a rough range and a long distance. Nothing remained but to travel with them and to help them cut and construct the road till close to Victoria, which caused us a delay of a few days. Coming back we preferred taking the open road of the prospector. So you have to travel in a new country.

The district of Victoria through which we now travelled is situated in Mashonaland, and though we descended a good bit this region lies more than 4000 feet above the sea level. And if we consult the experience of the old "Voortrekkers" this region cannot be unhealthy, for the "sugar-bosch" and "waggon-boom" grow everywhere. And we must say that in the whole of Matabeleland we did not see any part better adapted for cattle farming and agriculture than this region. The country is broken—*i.e.*, open grass country, varied by wooded ridges. The "veldt" is not rough ; everywhere you see various kinds of short sweet grass. And then for agriculture ! The open valleys have fertile soil and streams of water, whilst the produce in the villages and gold-fields fetches exorbitant prices ! Really, if you see this, and think that three years ago farms could be selected here merely on payment of a fair quit-rent then you cannot help being amazed and feeling

sorry that many of our farmers slave, yea, toil themselves to death and become poor, on a small patch of ground, or on the ground belonging to another (for the high bonds on properties make our colonial farmers in reality the slaves of the capitalists).

At Victoria we met eight Dutch farmers coming from the Free State, the Transvaal, Cape Colony, and Natal, who live between Victoria and Charter. They declared unanimously that the country was excellently adapted for cattle farming of any kind and also for agriculture; that a certain Mr. Potgieter, amongst others in their neighbourhood, possessed a flock of merino sheep from which he had already got a crop of excellent wool, and that he would not sell a single one of his sheep at any price; that they were healthy, prosperous, and happy, and had no thought of going back; on the contrary, they had written to their friends and relatives also to come there, especially now that Lobengula was out of the way; that not one of their families had as yet died of fever, though some had had slight attacks, as mostly happens in a new country; that they were quite satisfied with the liberal rule of the Chartered Company, &c. &c. The unanimous testimony of men from different parts is of great importance.

Victoria is situated on a hill between two rivers, and appears to be fairly healthy, though the inhabitants acknowledge that most of the Europeans are every year attacked by the fever, but in a mild form, as is the case in most regions which have been recently

inhabited. In Zoutpansberg, Waterberg, Marico, and Lydenburg in the Transvaal, the fever was at first much worse, and now these regions are inhabited and no more is heard of the fever.

From Victoria to Zimbabwe is about eighteen miles, over a beautiful country, mostly open grass flats varied in places with beautiful woods. When you are close by these interesting remains of the long past, you find the granite ridges among which these gigantic ruins are situated. A detailed description of these important ruins we reserve till later on. Only let us mention that they are not situated (as we supposed) in a rough and unapproachable region, but in a beautiful part of the country, where we can easily imagine a large town to have stood, with a numerous population, as these ruins seem to show.

Our stay at Zimbabwe was short, only two days (Oct. 2 and 3), and yet we count these two days amongst the most important of our life. For the present we take leave of this subject, but we promise later on to give some impressions which we wrote down that evening at the grave of Major Wilson and his brave companions who perished whilst pursuing Lobengula across the Shangani. That grave lies between the Fort and the ancient Temple, and is enclosed with barbed wire; a wreath of ferns and wild flowers is laid upon it.

During our short stay we embraced the opportunity to visit the first mission station of the Dutch Reformed

NATIVE HUTS—ZIMBABWE

(see page 150)

Church in Rhodesia. The Revs. Messrs. Louw and Helm (medical missionary) labour there, whilst the farming is attended to by Mr. Euvrard. They not only received us kindly, but Mr. Louw and his wife came also to pay us a visit at Zimbabwe.

The mission station "Morgenster" (Morning Star) is situated about one and a half hour's walk from the Zimbabwe ruins. The station lies high and seems to be healthy. Up to date no one on the station had caught the fever. The indefatigable diligence of Mr. Euvrard gives abundant proof of the suitability of the country for agriculture. Oak, orange, and blue-gum trees grow luxuriantly, and the vegetable garden is a pleasure to the eye. Onions, carrots, tomatoes, beet-root, sweet potatoes in abundance, and as large as we seldom before saw them. A plentiful supply was given us, which we greatly appreciated, the more so as we had tasted no vegetables for the last three months. The Rev. Mr. Louw and Mr. Euvrard with their newly married wives (Mr. Helm is unmarried) appeared to be very happy. We wish these pioneers in the mission field of Rhodesia every success.

What struck us in the vicinity of this mission station and Zimbabwe was the beautiful granite "koppies," with their fantastic shapes, and the huts nestled between those boulders, and on their tops, where the Mashonas, along with their cattle, used to hide themselves from the Matabele.

Of course we took some photos of such hills, and the

Kaffirs with their goats and fowls, &c., round about them, also of the Zimbabwe ruins, the mission station, &c.

With regard to the Mashonas living on these hills we noticed two things: (1) How they, by means of a certain kind of clay, fastened their huts to the rocks, so that the wind cannot blow them away; (2) That these localities were chosen, not only through fear of the Matabele, but also on account of their healthiness and to escape the many insects swarming in the lower parts. Probably, therefore, they will continue this troublesome way of living even after the power of the Matabele is broken.

The Mashonas have a peculiar way of cultivating their lands. In the middle they leave a strip of about one foot wide which they do not turn over, then they turn over the soil about half a foot on both sides of the strip thus left and throw it on the top of it, covering it with the loosened soil, so that the grass of the turned up soil lies on the grass of the strip which was left standing.

This they do in the rainy season when the grass is about one foot high. Those double layers of grass with soil on the top rot and fertilise the ground. When the rainy season comes this ground is turned over and sown mostly with "manna;" mealies and Kaffir corn are not sown to any extent. In low, moist parts they make beds (like our seed-beds) and sow them with rice.

But in consequence of not manuring, and thus exhausting the soil, they continually have to make new lands and give the old ones rest. This also they do in a very simple and practical manner. For these lands they choose the best wooded parts, as being the most fertile. But do not for a minute think that they uproot the trees or even cut them down low on the ground. No; they have not the implements to do that. With their small axes, which they make themselves, they chop away the thin branches (they let thicker ones remain with the stem), and as soon as these are dry, they heap them up against the stem of the tree and set fire to it. The bark of the tree is burned away and the tree is dead; the roots no longer draw nutrition from the ground and the shadow of the bare branches does no harm, whilst the ground is at the same time manured. Is this not a very practical way?

And still they have sufficient grain and vegetables, &c.; though everything is smaller with them, even their cattle and fowls. We took some photos of their new agricultural lands, over whose unharrowed furrows we were jolting along, for the Mashonas have no respect for the new roads of the prospectors, but pick right across them, and the prospectors on the other hand make their roads right across the cultivated land of the Mashonas. We also took some photos showing how they cut down the branches of the trees and burn them.

From Zimbabwe and Victoria we returned over the

Selukwe gold-fields across a comparatively open highland (where, after travelling three months through a bush country, we had again to use dung for fuel), and passed the Shangani battlefield and the Queen's Reef to Bulawayo, where we close this sketch, after having had an important interview with the renowned American scout, Burnham, especially about the tragical expedition in pursuit of Lobengula, and the sad fate of the brave Wilson and his company, when Burnham also had a narrow escape. Of this interview, and thus of the whole tragic episode, we give in our next sketch a fuller description than has yet been given.

Here we take a final leave of our ox-waggon, after travelling in it for three and a half months. From here we return with the omnibus and horses.

LETTER XIV

HOW WILSON AND HIS MEN PERISHED

A Tragical Episode in the Matabele War

First and last Fights at the Shangani—Two renowned American Scouts and their Wonderful Deeds of Reconnoitring—Meeting and Interview with Burnham—Chief Adventures of the Expedition which pursued Lobengula—Burnham's Account of that memorable Night and Morning—Close on Lobengula's Heels—"No European shall cross the Shangani"—Reconnoitring with Wilson and twelve men across the Shangani—Through thousands of Kaffirs in the Night—The whole Matabele Nation and Army with Lobengula—Almost surrounded by Kaffirs—Three Men sent to ask Forbes to cross at once with the whole Force, in order to attack Lobengula at Daybreak—Seeking in the Night for three men who had strayed amongst the Kaffirs—Following tracks on a dark and rainy Night—All out in the Night as Spies—The Kaffir impis, being misled, march past to Forbes—Waiting for Forbes—Burrows arrives with Twenty Men, without a Maxim—Hopeless Condition—Consultation: "How best to Die"—Wilson's Tactics, a Bold Move—Directly on the King and his Chief Indunas—The Waggons empty—Attacked and almost surrounded by Kaffirs—Shoot straight and waste no Ammunition—Good Shooting in Danger—Behind a great Ant-heap—Retreating with closed up Ranks—Where does Forbes Tarry?—Burnham, Ingram, and Gooding break through dense masses of Kaffirs towards Forbes—Mislead the

Kaffirs by Détours—A Race for Life—The last they heard of Wilson—Swimming the River with tired Horses—Through the midst of the Enemy to the Laager—Dissatisfied with Forbes's behaviour—Why Raaff took the Command—What the Kaffirs relate—Wilson's heroic Death—A Magician who could not be killed—A Death song in the midst of Death—Did they Shoot themselves?—The Representation by Forbes and his Distortion of Facts—Burnham well Rewarded; an energetic Inhabitant of the Country.

ZIMBABWE, *October* 2, 1894.

WHEN I related how we lost our road along the Shangani, and so came to the scene of the last struggles in the Matabele war, I promised to give you later on a description of the sad fate that overtook Wilson and his brave companions. I will now fulfil that promise.

The war began on the Shangani River (higher up) and ended at the Shangani. On the Shangani the Matabele made the first attack on the inmarching column, determined that the white warriors should not penetrate further, and on the Shangani they made their last stand, quite as determined that no white man should pursue their king any farther. The first as well as the last fight began in the night and lasted till the morning.

In these respects they were similar, but in others there was a difference. In the *first* fight on the Shangani the combined column fought against only a portion of the Matabele impis; in the *last* fight the whole of the Matabele army fought against 150 whites. In the

first fight Majors Wilson and Forbes were together and had Maxim guns; in the *last* fight Major Wilson was alone and had no Maxim. At the *first* fight the Kaffirs were presumptuous and ventured too much, the *last* fight showed presumptuousness on the part of the hitherto victorious Europeans. In the *first* fight the Europeans were completely victorious, in the *last* fight victory was on the side of the Kaffirs, for Wilson with all his men perished, Forbes escaped with the remainder, his retreat being conducted by Raaff, and still the vanquished remained victors, and with that lost battle the war was concluded actually in their favour.

The closer you view these last scenes of the war, the more important they become. In order to be able to give a complete and accurate description of them, we have interviewed several persons who acted a prominent part in them, and one person who played a principal part in the whole war, but especially in this expedition, viz., the American scout, Burnham, known as "Yankee Burnham."

We have heard wonderful accounts related about the two scouts, Burnham and Ingram; how they led the combined columns into Matabeleland; how they by day and night reconnoitred the country miles and miles in advance; how they in day time, miles in advance, informed the column where water was to be found, where the Kaffirs were and what they did; how in the night they went amongst the Kaffirs to spy out

what they were about; how everything happened as they had foretold, &c.

Burnham is especially praised as a scout. As he accompanied the expedition which pursued Lobengula; as he was with Wilson and his gallant band and fought with them, and only at the very last escaped as it were out of the jaws of death, and as he as scout was well informed of everything, we were very glad to meet him at the office of the *Matabeleland News*, and to have an interview with him at his house.

Burnham is small of stature, but of a lively and energetic appearance, very courteous and free in his manners, perhaps older than he looks, anyhow below the forties, and married to a charming wife. After he had first shown us a valuable collection of antiquities, collected at Zimbabwe and Fort Regina, and after an interesting conversation about the ancient mining works and ruins of the country, upon which we were perfectly agreed, I brought the conversation to the expedition sent to catch Lobengula. He was quite willing to oblige, and gave us as lively a description as even an eye-witness can give; we took full notes at the time, which we now reproduce here. We shall begin his description from the time that the expedition came to the Shangani River.

What happened prior to this is not of great importance, and all writers are agreed upon it. The facts of which we shall give a short *résumé* are mainly as follows: As we formerly mentioned, the first fight was

at the Shangani River, but only the light impis of Lobengula were there.

The decisive battle was fought close to the Bembezi River, not far from Bulawayo ; then Lobengula's best impis were defeated. As soon as Lobengula was informed of this, he fled to the mission station Shilo, taking with him two waggons and as much ammunition as he could carry, and from there he fled to the north. The day after his flight the approaching column saw the smoke of the city, to which the Kaffirs had set fire, and heard the explosion of the cartridges which had been left behind and which had also been set on fire.

As soon as the combined column had arrived at Bulawayo, the town was left in command of Colonel Goold Adams, and Majors Forbes and Wilson marched with an expedition to capture Lobengula, if possible, and so put an end to the war. They were misled by Kaffirs informing them that Lobengula was at the Inyati mission station ; they consequently marched thither first, which caused some delay. Hearing afterwards that they had been misled, they marched in a slanting direction towards Shilo, and from there they then followed his track with 150 men. In order to form a correct estimate of the privations these men had to undergo, you have to bear in mind that the order at Bulawayo was to equip themselves for three days, and the expedition lasted for about six weeks ; so that towards the latter end the men had to sleep in the rain on the wet ground, without blankets ; later on they

had no provisions left, and had to eat the knocked up horses; some were without boots and had to go barefoot through bushes and shrubs and over rocks.

But we cannot describe all the incidents of this romantic expedition. We shall let Mr. Burnham himself give us, in vivid colours, a sketch of what happened during that memorable night and morning. Here it is:

"We followed the tracks of Lobengula's two waggons to the Shangani, about forty or fifty miles below its confluence with the Gwelo. For a few miles the tracks went down along the river, and there, at a suitable place, they crossed the river, at a sandy ford. We reached the river at about 4 P.M. Judging from the freshness of the tracks and the ashes of their camp-fires, which were still warm, we knew that they could not be far in advance. We were all very anxious to bring the war to a close by capturing Lobengula, because our provisions were running very short, our horses were worn out, and it was already late in the season for these unhealthy parts. After a short council of war, Major Wilson was ordered to cross the river immediately and follow up the waggon tracks, to reconnoitre the country and either to return that same night, or, if the occasion seemed favourable, to capture Lobengula, send report to that effect, so that the whole column could cross that night, in order to attack Lobengula on the following morning. Forbes asked me to accompany

the expedition as scout. I told him my horse was knocked up. He gave me his horse and I went."

"Did you not know that there was a great force of Matabeles with Lobengula?"

"Yes, we knew that the Kaffirs had said that they would not allow one European to cross the Shangani, and that consequently the last decisive battle would have to be fought there. This is explained later on by the fact that Lobengula had sent £1000, with messages of peace; two of our men received this money and hid it without communicating the message, so that the Kaffirs could not but think that the object of the expedition was to kill Lobengula; that is the reason why they fought so desperately here. I myself proved to Major Forbes, from the great number of cattle that had been slaughtered at Lobengula's camping-places, that he must be accompanied by a great number of Kaffirs. Some thought that he had at the outside a few hundreds with him, and others thought a still smaller number. I thought that he might have 1000 or 1500; but I had no idea that his force was so strong.

"We followed the tracks for about five or six miles. Before reaching his camp, however (it was already dark), we noticed a koppie full of Kaffirs. We rode up close to them and called out in Kaffir: 'We have not come to kill you, we only wish to see the king and to take him with us to Bulawayo, to see and speak with our induna.'

"One of the Kaffirs then came to us, and upon our

asking, how many men Lobengula had with him, he answered: 'Only a few.' He offered to guide us to the waggons. I at once suspected him as a traitor, who wanted to lead us into an ambush, and rode alongside of him, as he advanced quickly, determined to shoot him, as soon as he tried to run away.

"Following the Kaffir guide, we noticed that the hills and woods were full of Kaffirs; in fact, the whole Matabele nation, with their women and children, and that there were 7000 or 8000 warriors. The Kaffirs did not fire upon us. They were amazed and could not understand how such a handful of men dared venture amongst them. We saw Kaffirs and fires all around us, but we rode on till we were so close to the waggons that we could hear them speak. We repeated the same words we had used at the first koppie, viz.: 'that we did not wish to kill any one, only to see the king and take him with us to treat with our induna at Bulawayo.'

"We got no answer; but we noticed that the Kaffirs closed their ranks behind us, in order to cut off our retreat. We did not shoot, because we wished to avoid a fight, but retreated as quickly and silently as we could.

"When we were clear of the Kaffirs, we turned aside into a wood and held a consultation. We immediately decided to send a report to Major Forbes by Messrs. Bain, Robertson, and Captain Napier. Wilson's order was 'that Major Forbes should cross

with the whole force, so that the whole force could attack Lobengula in the morning and capture him.'"

"Do you think there was any chance of a good result, if Forbes had done this?"

"Decidedly, as the Kaffirs so greatly feared the Maxims."

"Do you think that Wilson's force could have kept their position or forced a retreat if Forbes had sent one Maxim with the reinforcements?"

"I have not the least doubt, though this might have been less in accordance with military tactics."

"What had Forbes to do, according to the general opinion of Wilson and his men?"

"We were all of opinion that, if he did not wish to cross the river in the night with his whole force, he should have sent word to us to return at once."

"But go on."

"As soon as these three men had left for Forbes we discovered that three of our men had strayed during our hasty retreat from Lobengula's waggon. Wilson asked me whether I could follow the footprints of our horses in the dark back to Lobengula's waggon, to seek these three men. (It was a dark, rainy night.) I said I would try, but he must send some one with me. Thereupon he answered that he himself would go with me. In order to follow the 'spoors' of the horses I crept on my knees, as I usually do, every time feeling with my fingers for the following 'spoor,' whilst I kept my

feet on the last one. The three strayed men were Hofmeyer, Cahoun, and Bradbourne.

"Thus we crept back on our horses' 'spoors,' stealing through the Kaffirs unnoticed, till about forty yards from Lobengula's waggons, so that we could hear them speak in the waggons. We went back about 200 yards and called out loudly to the three men. Thereupon the Kaffirs began to yell frightfully. The young warriors wanted to flee, thinking we were now going to attack them; but the older warriors restrained them, saying: it was only the howling of wolves. The three lost men answered our call; we sought them and brought them back to the tree where we had left the other men.

"Then Wilson again sent me to find out what the Kaffirs were about. I went and heard great numbers of Kaffirs going towards the river in the direction of Forbes's camp. Apparently they were looking for our troop, but could not find us, and came to the conclusion that we had also gone back.

"I came back and reported to Wilson what I had seen. He then ordered me to go back on the tracks with which we had come from Forbes, and there to await the arrival of Forbes with the main force, lest he should not find us in the dark. I did so, and towards dawn I heard them advancing, and went back immediately to inform Wilson of this. I found him sleeping with his head in the mud. I touched him and said: 'Major, the column is advancing.'

"He at once jumped up and speedily, with his brave troops, stood awaiting the arrival of Forbes with the main force. We were very much disappointed when we found that Captain Burrows with only twenty men had arrived, guided by my companion and fellow-scout Ingram; they had brought no Maxim, and informed us that Forbes would advance with the main force at the break of day. (Two of his men had also strayed in the darkness.) We at once perceived that this meant certain death to us, as our position was now hopeless; for the day dawned, the Kaffirs were in dense masses between us and the main force, and we had not sufficient ammunition to defend our position till the arrival of Forbes.

"The officers held a council in our vicinity, so that we could hear most of what was spoken. I heard Captain Burrows say: 'I did not know that affairs were in such a state,' proving plainly that Forbes had not informed him of the true state of affairs before sending him with his twenty men to certain death. I also heard Captain Jutt say: 'It is all up with us.' All were agreed that our position was hopeless, and the only question was *how we could most dearly sell our lives.*

"Some (and at first I also) were of opinion that we should try and force our way through the dense masses of Kaffirs which intervened between us and the main force, and so try to effect co-operation with Forbes. Wilson, however, held another opinion, and after he had spoken we all acknowledged that he was right.

According to his opinion, the main force of the Kaffirs was not with Lobengula, but between us and Forbes, and that it consequently was impossible for us to force our way through them, as we should all perish. But as the chief impis of the Kaffirs were in the direction of the Shangani and our headquarters, there would not be a strong force with Lobengula. We must make a desperate attack and try to capture Lobengula and his chief councillors, were it only to keep them as hostages, in order to save our lives. And if we fell we at least would sell our lives dearly by also killing the king and his chief indunas.

"All agreed with this opinion, and we advanced straight on Lobengula's waggons. When we reached the waggons we found them empty, at least we could see through one waggon and could see no one in it, and there was no screen in which Lobengula could have hid himself. We thought that Lobengula, with the indunas and Kaffirs that were with him, were hiding in the forest. We called out again as on the preceding evening: 'We did not come to fight or kill any one, we only came to see the king and to take him with us to treat with our induna at Bulawayo.' But the Kaffirs called back from the forest: 'If *you* do not come here to fight, *we* do,' and they immediately began charging us and firing upon us.

"Wilson called out to us: 'Shoot carefully and do not waste your ammunition.' We did so, took only the best chances and aimed well.

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"We let the Kaffirs come to within sixty yards and aimed well, so that almost every shot told. Fighting thus we retreated; first to an open space, and then further back in the direction of Forbes, as we saw that we were too greatly outnumbered.

"The Kaffirs, however, continued following us, and were continually reinforced. We at last took our position behind a big ant-heap, and Wilson called out: 'Let every man choose his Kaffir.' A great many Kaffirs fell. I had sometimes three times to choose another Kaffir, for as soon as I aimed at one he fell before I could shoot.

"By this good firing we drove the Kaffirs back. The shooting ceased for a while. But the Kaffirs, being reinforced, again attacked us. Thereupon we decided to retreat further in the direction of Forbes. Five of our horses were killed and three men seriously wounded at that ant-heap. My own rifle was knocked out of my hand by a bullet, and a splinter of the bullet struck my eye.

"We retreated with closed ranks, with the wounded and infantry in the middle; Wilson, Ingram, and Burrows in the rear, whilst Captain Jutt, Gooding and myself formed the vanguard. We knew that Forbes would march at dawn, and that left us a faint hope that we might break through the Kaffirs and effect a joint action with Forbes. The Kaffirs let us march for about three-quarters of a mile in this way. We as

yet heard no shooting at Forbes; though he might have then already have been attacked.

"The Kaffirs kept massing more densely in front of us. Wilson asked whether I saw no chance of forcing my way through their ranks in order to inform Forbes of our situation and to urge him to prompt action and co-operation. I said I did not think so, for before I had advanced five hundred yards the Kaffirs would attack me; but if he would send another man with me, I would try. Captain Borrows hearing this, rode up to Major Wilson and said: 'Let Gooding go with him, he has a good horse.' Wilson agreed, and ordered Gooding to accompany me. But I asked to have my mate Ingram with me. Wilson consented, and we three left, riding through a densely wooded strip of country, where we saw no Kaffirs. We had hardly gone five hundred yards before the Kaffirs opened fire upon us; happily they aimed too high, and the bullets whistled through the branches over our heads. We rode on as fast as we could, and the Kaffirs chased us with their assegais. Our way lay through a thick mopani bush, so the Kaffirs remained close on our heels, beating their assegais and shouting; they sometimes were as close as twenty yards. Afterwards they began to drop in the rear and commenced firing upon us. But we rode on, without returning their fire, or allowing ourselves to be detained.

"As soon as we were well away from them, we heard that the Kaffirs were again attacking Wilson.

We rode for two hours before we reached Forbes; we misled the Kaffirs who were pursuing us by riding in winding ways. This gave us a quarter of an hour's time, of which we made good use. We now approached the river and could hear Forbes and his men fighting; more especially we could distinguish the firing of the Maxims, and from that we could make out that the attacks of the Kaffirs were made at intervals, and were not very desperate. Probably they had then already noticed that Wilson's party was attacked, and their object was only to prevent Forbes from sending help.

"We found the river full when we reached it, and having sought a suitable place, made our horses swim through in a slanting direction down the stream. When we reached the opposite bank, we saw the Kaffirs still fighting with Forbes; we rode right through their ranks into the camp, where we came with the last breath of our horses. Shortly afterwards the Kaffirs retreated.

"At the time of our arrival there was great dissatisfaction among the troops, because Forbes would not allow them to use trees and ant-heaps as a natural shelter, and the result was that five men had been wounded and sixteen horses killed. The men openly refused to obey the commands of Forbes any longer, upon which Raaf assumed the orders. He led us back; had Forbes continued in command, probably not a single man would have escaped."

"What was the last you heard about Wilson with his thirty-two men?"

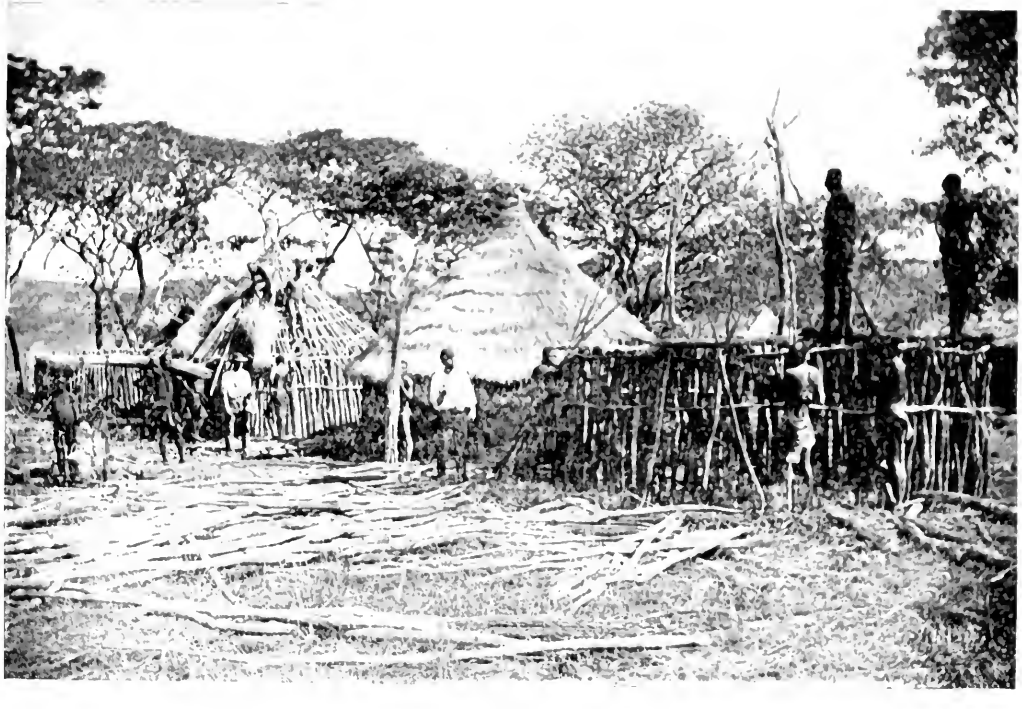
"We could hear them fighting all the time; but just before we reached the river there was perfect silence for a time, then a tremendous volley, and then all was quiet."

"The rest of course we must learn from the Kaffirs. But as you know they have so many different stories. Out of all these what do suggest up as most probable?"

"According to the information obtained from the Kaffirs, Wilson fought for three or four hours, shooting carefully all through, so that every shot should tell. The first cessation in the shooting was when they sent for Gambo's impi as a reinforcement. During that pause they saw Wilson's men tearing up their shirts to bandage the wounds of their companions.

"Thereupon they began singing. Some Kaffirs say it was like the singing of the whites which they heard at the church in Victoria. After the singing of that song the fighting was resumed with the reinforcements the Kaffirs had received.

"They give a thrilling description of Wilson's bravery up to the last. They say: The tall induna with broad-brimmed hat and the large moustache stood straight up fighting after all his men had been killed, or were lying down wounded. One of the wounded kept handing him the guns which he had loaded. He had many bullet-wounds, but he remained standing and shooting till he



HUT BUILDING, SELUKWI

could no longer raise his arms, then a young Matabele rushed up to him and pierced him with an assegai. Wilson reeled. The young Kaffir withdrew his assegai and pierced him a second time, whereupon Wilson fell down dead!

"After they had returned, thinking all were now dead, one of the wounded rose and walked away, with a revolver in each hand. They repeatedly shot at him, without being able to hit him, and they consequently took him for a magician. But a shot from far away in the valley struck him through the hips, whereupon he sank down. In this sitting position he kept on firing over his shoulder, for he could not turn himself. He was a man with a grey beard (probably Robertson)."

"But we have also heard the Kaffirs say that they found only one wounded man, whom they brought to Lobengula and wished to keep alive, but that he died of his wounds; also that, after singing of the hymn by Wilson's men, they heard only one volley and then all was still; from that and the fact that almost all had been shot through the head, they drew the conclusion that Wilson, after the ammunition had been exhausted, gave orders to load the guns with the last cartridge, and that after singing the hymn, every one shot himself through the head rather than fall into the hands of the Kaffirs."

"I cannot believe this; for when the corpses were fetched, they were found lying in a circle, with one man at a little distance, and that the last shooting was of such short duration was, I think, because the Kaffirs

charged and killed the men with assegais; hence that last volley and the succeeding quietness."

Hereupon we took our leave. Our interview lasted a few hours and was one of the most important we had during our whole journey. We can add to this that Mr. Burnham was liberally rewarded for his inestimable services; that he intends remaining in Matabeleland, and takes an energetic part in the development of the country, so that in all likelihood our readers will again hear from him.

LETTER XV

FROM BULAWAYO TO SALISBURY

How you obtain Travelling Tickets at Bulawayo—Leaving Thirty Hours behind Time—Passing a Night on the Omnibus between the Baggage—The Twin-Commando Road—How the two Columns formed Laagers—Africanders as Post Contractors—Discomforts on the Journey.

The last sketch which you read was written and posted at Bulawayo. It is more than a month since I arrived at home. I shall now relate the return journey from Bulawayo across Salisbury, Beira, Delagoa Bay, Durban, East London, and Port Elizabeth.

We have already told you why we chose this route for our return journey; because we wished thoroughly to study the burning question of transport from the several ports to the centres of trade in the interior.

This route is not short and easy, but, on the other hand, it is very important and interesting. We had to travel

	Miles.
Per 'bus from Bulawayo to Chimoio .	525
,, railway, Chimoio to Fontisvilla .	118
,, boat, Fontisvilla to Port Elizabeth	1234
,, railway, Port Elizabeth to Paarl .	839
	2716

The whole journey lasted from October 24 to November 24, about a month, whilst by travelling per 'bus across Mafeking and Pretoria it could have been done in eight or nine days. From this, however, we have to deduct a delay of fourteen or fifteen days along the road, so that in reality the journey itself took no more than half a month. We shall first give our readers a sketch of the whole way, then relate some particulars of our experiences on that journey, and, finally, come to a conclusion on the probable trade routes of the future.

The distance from Bulawayo to Salisbury is 300 miles, which we covered in four days, partly with mules and partly with oxen ; but then we travelled day and night, delays being deducted.

From Salisbury to Chimoio the distance is 225 miles, which we covered with oxen in three days, travelling day and night, delays deducted.

From Chimoio to Fontisvilla is a distance of 118 miles, which took us fifteen hours by rail ; but a part of the road was still being constructed.

The journey with the river boat on the Pungwe, from Fontisvilla to Beira, seventy-five miles, ought to have taken from six to eight hours, but it lasted forty-eight hours, as we were, owing to the ebb, a few times stranded on sandbanks, and our steam engine was defective.

From Beira to Delagoa is about 500 miles ; a swift boat could do it in one day, but the slow *Courland* took about sixty hours.

The distance from Delagoa to Durban is 300 miles; for that the *Courland* took thirty hours.

At Durban we shipped over into the *Hawarden Castle*, which, though not the swiftest boat, took us to East London, a distance of 253 miles, in sixteen hours, and from East London to Port Elizabeth, a distance of 131 miles, in six hours. From there to the Paarl, a distance of 839 miles, the train took two days and two nights. This route is, therefore, not to be commended for swift travelling.

The expenses of the journey are: Per omnibus from Bulawayo to Mafeking £20, to Pretoria £22 10*s*., the train expenses every one can calculate for himself. Along the eastern route the travelling expenses are: To Salisbury per omnibus £12; from there to Chimoio £9; the train £2 10*s*.; the river boat £1 10*s*.; and the voyage to Port Elizabeth £9 10*s*. The travelling tickets amount to £33, besides other expenses. Travelling along this route is thus not very cheap.

But this eastern route is very interesting, as the reader will readily perceive when we more circumstantially relate our travelling experiences.

One thing deserves notice, and that is, that the northern extension under Mr. Rhodes gives various opportunities and openings to young Africanders, even in the Transvaal, where the English took the lead. Take for instance the passenger transport to and from Bulawayo. The best line is Zeederberg's to Pretoria; the second best is Symington's from Salis-

bury to Chimoio; the third best, Bezuidenhout's from Bulawayo to Salisbury; these three are Africanders; whilst the worst line is that of Wirsing Bros. to Mafeking. Compare with this the passenger transport in the Transvaal, where Gibson Bros. and Geo. Hays almost monopolised the whole service.

Unhappily we had to commence our journey with the worst passenger service, which is under the management of an Africander, and that for the longest part of the road. Just think, struggling on to Salisbury for four days and four nights without sleep! We use the word "struggling" advisedly, for from Bulawayo we had an old 'bus called "Lobengula," just as unwieldy and rickety as the gouty old Lobengula himself.

And then we had no white men for drivers, but two inexperienced coloured boys as coachmen or drivers, who in turn jumped down and ran alongside the spoiled mules, beating them with the stambok, to get them to trot; but as soon as the driver got on the waggon the mules began crawling along again. Well, mules usually do that. The best way to spoil them is to get down and beat them. They come to the conclusion that, seated on the waggon, you cannot manage them and you cannot keep up with them when walking on the ground.

But still worse. The mules were so spoiled that as soon as the driver got down, they left the road and rushed with the 'bus across the veldt. What jolting! And then, halt! . . . . Something has broken, either

the harness, or something else ; and so there is a delay at every 200 or 300 yards ; for it is an old and worn gear.

And still we have not come to the worst. Before we reached the first outspan we noticed that the tires were loose ; one of them threatened to come off continually. Every time we had to stop and knock it into its place with stones, and wherever we found water the wheels had to be wetted.

But our troubles and difficulties did not end with this. Our waggon must be greased. There was quite a row between the drivers and the grooms at the stables, as to whose duty it was to do this. After a lot jawing, interspersed with many a curse, the 'bus was greased at last and we struggled on again ; the farther we got away from Bulawayo the worse the mules became. And this cannot be wondered at, for there is no grass, everything is burned away, and one of the grooms at the stables told us that they had no mielies for several weeks already. On what then had these poor animals to exist ? And then the stables where the spans of mules were exchanged were twenty-five miles apart, so that at last the poor mules could scarcely go any farther.

Thus we jolted along in an uncomfortable coach. After going three times I had at last secured my place, a back corner in the 'bus ; but when we had to leave I got a corner place in the front of the 'bus ; the preferable back corner seats, where there is a chance of getting

a snooze on the mail-bags, were given to friends who had arrived at the last moment without tickets. This is the way things are managed in a new country!

And still we have not reached the end of the sorrows of our journey. We had to leave Bulawayo on Tuesday, October 29, at 6 A.M., for it is the mail service, and still we only got away on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. So we had to wait for thirty hours. And why? We had to wait for the still worse conducted mail service between Mafeking and Bulawayo; for the mails for the whole of Matabeleland are now sent by rail from Cape Town to Mafeking, and from there per ox-cart to Bulawayo; this is a very big cart, or rather a waggon on two wheels, and is usually behind time. The arrangement is that the Salisbury 'bus has to wait no longer than six hours. When, therefore, telegrams arrived saying that the waggon was broken and was thirty hours behind time, we received notice from the agent that we would be able to leave at the proper time. We had to be ready. At last came a telegram from the Postmaster-General from Salisbury, stating that we had to wait for the arrival of the mail from Mafeking, no matter how long, for the people were displeased because the mail was always behind time on that route. We only mention this incident to let you see what travelling in a new country means.

We may here mention that arrangements have been made to have two mails per week from next April, which will make the journey from Mafeking to Bula-

wayo in five days (instead of eight days), and from Bulawayo to Salisbury in three days (instead of four days). Notice further how Mr. Rhodes encourages the traffic with the colony. Formerly all the traffic and also the mails went over Pretoria, Zoutpansberg, and Tati to Victoria, Charter, and Salisbury. But as soon as Bulawayo was taken Mr. Rhodes had the mails carried over Mafeking and Bulawayo to Charter and Salisbury, with a branch line to Victoria, which arrangement caused delay and no little unpleasantness. Here is proof that the colony is benefited by the dual position of Mr. Rhodes. But more of this later on.

The result of our late departure (thirty hours overdue, and along the road we lost more than we gained) was that we were late at every station. There is very scanty accommodation along the road between Bulawayo and Salisbury (only cars here and there), and when we came to these places, where we might have got something to eat, we were always so much behind time that nothing was ready for us.

And so it became evening—the first day; "Lobengula" is a flat 'bus. There are no seats on the top, the baggage of the passengers is placed there, as also the mail-bags. The writer of this cannot very well do without sleep, and could not sleep sitting in the 'bus, so he determined to make an earnest attempt to get a place to lie down during the night between the baggage and the mail-bags on top of the 'bus, and so to try and get some sleep. At an outspan, at about 11 P.M., we

took our karos (rug of skins) and climbed on the top. It cost a lot of trouble to get a small opening between the portmanteaux, boxes, and bags; and then it was so small that I was quite cramped. The roads are bad and the waggon jolted so that I had, after I had covered myself, to fasten a strap around me to prevent myself from falling off.

I could not sleep, but still I could in a way lie down. But another unforeseen misery arises. At some places the road goes through woods, and every now and then a branch of a thorn tree sweeps across the waggon and I have to cover my face with my rug. The rest the reader can imagine.

The next morning two of my fellow-passengers climbed on the top to enjoy the fresh morning air. They looked about; I was so well hid and lay so still that one of them called out: "By —— he has fallen off." I then uncovered my head and told them that I was safe and well. But when they saw how I had fastened myself, they said that they would not have ventured it for all the money in the world; for if the 'bus capsized there was no chance of escape.

These two gentlemen were Mr. King, who, on behalf of the Irish Archæological Society, accompanied Mr. Bent in his investigations of the old ruins, the other was the discoverer and owner of the rich Ayrshire reef. With these two we could have a pleasant conversation in the morning air—with the last-named about the gold-fields of northern Mashonaland, and

with the first-named about the investigations, &c., which he had made along with Mr. Bent.

From this you see that such a journey has also its bright side. I venture to say that we had good travelling companions. I have said that there was very little accommodation on the four days' journey. We knew that this would be the case, so each had provided himself with something for the road, and soon we lived in community of property. Thus we had at the outspanning coffee, tea, and cocoa, and several kinds of tinned provisions. O, yes, you can make yourself comparatively happy, or unhappy, under all circumstances.

The road along which we travelled is known as the "Column road," because this is the road along which Forbes and Wilson marched to Bulawayo. As we have said before, formerly there was only one waggon road in Matabeleland, from Mangwe on the south-west to the Hartley Hills on the north-east, and these two entrances were held by the Matabele impis. The attacking column took quite a different road.

But this new "Commando road" is not very straight. For, as we have said before, two American scouts were always a few miles ahead, and signalled with the heliograph where the Kaffirs were, and where water and grass were to be found, for the Kaffirs had burned all the grass. Thus the column had to march in a winding manner so as to avoid the Kaffirs, and to find a good road. The road from Bulawayo to Gwelo could

be shortened by at least twenty-five miles (or a quarter of the whole length) if it was made more in a straight line.

This road is not quite a year old, and when we passed over it, it was broad and well worn and had the appearance of having been used quite as much as the mainroads to Pretoria and Bloemfontein.

Another peculiarity of this road which deserves notice is, that it is a twin-road—*i.e.*, two roads running parallel at a distance of twenty-five to fifty yards from each other. Thus the two columns marched in order not to form such a long train of waggons and to be able quickly to form a laager when the alarm was given; they could thus form a laager in about ten minutes' time.

This was done in the following manner: the waggons of the two columns travelled parallel at a certain distance from each other. Immediately the alarm was given the two hindermost waggons were immediately stopped and the waggons in front of them came round on the outside in a circle till the first waggon came to the last waggon which had stood still, thus forming two circles or camps, near each other. A thousand Mashonas accompanied the waggons, each one carrying a branch of a thorn tree on his back, and as quickly as the waggons formed the circle they fixed the thorn branches between the wheels and the poles of the waggons. The cattle were put in the open space between the two laagers, whilst the Mashonas made a hedge on both

GRANITE WALL—ZIMBABWE

sides with their thorn bushes from layer to layer. We herein see, according to our opinion, the prudent tactics of the brave Wilson, who managed everything with skill.

You will excuse us from giving further particulars. The journey from Gwelo further on was much worse. We had oxen instead of mules and a much smaller waggon, so that we had not even proper room to sit. We now had white drivers, but alas! we were worse off than before; for in all my life and during all my travels, I have not heard so much cursing and profane language as I heard from these white drivers on the road from Gwelo to Salisbury.

We arrived at Salisbury on Sunday afternoon, and left again at ten o'clock the same evening. In our next we shall speak of Salisbury itself and discuss the question: Which of the two, Bulawayo or Salisbury, will ultimately become the capital of Zambesia?

LETTER XVI

SALISBURY *VERSUS* BULAWAYO

Self-conceit of the Johannesburgers—What a Digger's Paper dares to say—Full Hotels and Crammed 'Buses—The Contractor gives us his own Seat—Already Fifty prosperous Farmers in the District—Amongst them Men from the Paarl, now our Fellow-Travellers—Building, Building, and no "To Lets"—A Town Hall costing £40,000—Danger and Loss for Church and Nationality—Journalism in Zambesia—The Twin City—Salisbury and Bulawayo—Two Dogs for one Bone—According to which Standard to Judge—A big T and a big Pear.

In our last communication we promised to tell you something about Salisbury and her claims to be the chief town of Zambesia, in opposition to the claims made by the New Bulawayo, which is being rapidly built on the ruins of the old "City of Murder."

In Bulawayo we happened to come across a number of the *Standard and Digger's News*, of Johannesburg. Therein it was insolently stated: "The whole of Matabeleland is a failure, not a single gold reef has as yet been discovered; Salisbury is quite forsaken; Rhodes must now only praise up Bulawayo and

Matabeleland: that is all that now remains for him to do."

Now, we know well enough that the Johannesburgers—and their newspapers only reflect the general opinion—do not believe that any other place in South Africa can contain gold, or is capable of development, excepting the Rand, with Johannesburg at its head! That is quite natural for such a plutocratic community. But to say it out so boldly and confidently is very akin to absurdity.

We should have been very happy to have had that gentleman from Johannesburg with us in the crowded 'bus on the road, and during our stay of ten hours in Salisbury. He might then have seen for himself that Salisbury is not forsaken, but indeed one of the most thriving towns in the interior. This will become apparent when we relate our experiences during our short stay there.

When the 'bus arrived and we got down, tired and dusty, we were at once surrounded by an interested crowd. First of all we inquired after a good hotel; it appeared that there were two good hotels besides the new "Grand," which can compete with any hotel in Cape Town. We took the nearest, and found it so full that we could only with difficulty find an unoccupied room to wash and refresh ourselves.

We then sat down to our meal, but were so tired of the jolting of those four days and nights that we could hardly eat anything. We were informed by the pro-

prietor that the 'bus to Umtali was already full, but he promised to accompany us after dinner to the contractor, Mr. Symington, to try if we could not manage to secure a seat. At Bulawayo I asked whether it would not be safer to wire to Salisbury to be sure of a seat, but was told that this was not necessary, because there were very few passengers from there to the coast. This is accounted for by the jealousy existing between the two places.

Immediately after dinner we went to see Mr. Symington. There were only nine seats on the 'bus, and there had been fourteen applicants before me. If Mr. Symington had not been such an obliging man we should have had to stay over for a week, for he had already two extra coaches on the way, to help others on. Still he suggested a plan. He could not let us have one of the seats which had been given to former applicants, but he had kept a seat for himself on the 'bus, to go to his farm in order to have some rest from over-exertion; this seat he would give to us, and he himself would go a week later.

Whilst we were still talking, three Africanders who were farming in the district came in. They were to be our fellow-travellers, so we were pleased to make their acquaintance at once. They were Messrs. D. Beyers,* J. de Villiers, both from the Paarl, and Mr. Smalberger, from the Knysna. From them we learned that about fifty farmers had already settled in the district, and that

* One of the murdered in the Mashona revolt.

they were doing very well as cattle-farmers or agriculturists. But about this we could talk along the road.

We gratefully accepted Mr. Symington's kind offer to have a snooze in his room, for at the hotel there was no room and too much noise.

We were, however, too tired to sleep, and after a rest of an hour and a half we got up to have a walk and see something of the town. We were at once struck with the many large and splendid buildings which were in the course of erection, among them a town-hall, which is being built at a cost of £40,000.

Truly Salisbury does not seem to be very much forsaken! We did not see one house which was "To Let." Now, every one knows that this last is a sure sign of decline, whilst building is a sign of the prosperity of a place. In Salisbury there are many houses building, whilst there is not a single one to let. The reader can now judge for himself.

Our first visit was paid to Mr. Bezuidenhout, father of the post-contractor between Bulawayo and Salisbury, a man who in former years had been a member of the Volksraad and an elder of the Church in the Orange Free State: he is one of the few in this new country who think of the interests of the Church and of religion. We had not been long in his company before Mr. Bezuidenhout, with his manifold experiences, gave a very favourable report of the country; but the want of spiritual care caused him great anxiety. He himself

belongs to the Reformed Church, but the few members of that Church and the few belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church live so far apart that it is impossible to form a congregation with its own minister. Mr. Bezuidenhout was busy collecting statistics, but that was no easy task with a population that was so continually changing.

After learning the state of affairs we were deeply impressed with the danger which threatens our people in this new country, the danger, namely, that they would be lost not only to our Church, but also to our nationality.

We asked Mr. Bezuidenhout whether he thought it would be practicable to send in turn a minister of the Reformed Church and a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church to visit the members of both Churches and to preach and dispense the Sacraments, keeping separate registers for baptisms, confirmations, and marriages. He thought it practicable; and Mr. Symington, though not belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church, promised to give all possible aid for the transport of the ministers.

We only point this out because, as far as we know, no regular work has as yet been commenced amongst the thousand souls belonging to the two Dutch Churches in this country, although Mr. Rhodes has offered to give £200 per annum towards that object. We fear that these people will be gradually lost to our Church and to our nationality. The Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Wes-

leyan, and other Churches are already well represented —even the Salvation Army—only the Dutch Churches are not represented. We trust that more zeal will soon be manifested. Here great watchfulness is required. We should send men of experience, not too delicate, and full of courage and enthusiasm. And if anything is to be done, Mr. Bezuidenhout, sen., Salisbury, should be first communicated with.*

Leaving Mr. Bezuidenhout we went to the editor of the *Rhodesian Herald*, a fairly edited and neatly printed newspaper; in reality it is a branch of the "Argus Company," like the *Bulawayo Chronicle*. We were unlucky in not finding the editor in, and had to content ourselves with the last edition of the paper, and to find out from the cablegrams and telegrams what was happening in the world, and more especially in Mashonaland. Each edition of this paper proves that Mashonaland is no "failure," and Salisbury not a "forsaken" town.

From there we went to the Fort on the ridge, on the slopes of which the town is built. From the Fort, which lies about 150 feet higher than the city, we had a beautiful view over the whole town. At our feet lay the twin-city built upon two hills, in the valley between which it is proposed to lay out a park. The business places are situated on the side where we stood and the government buildings on the other side.

* Something on the lines suggested was done later, but, unfortunately, the revolt soon put a stop to the work.

The first buildings were placed on the side where the trade is carried on, and if the object of building on the other side was to entice the traders across, the plan did not succeed. Something is to be said against commencing the building of a town on two opposite sides. But when the valley has been laid out as a park, Salisbury will be one of the most beautiful towns in our country.

Round about the ridge and also at the back of it plots of ground for villas were sold. One of them, beautifully laid out, belongs to Mr. Bezuidenhout, and another to Mr. Botha, brother of the Hon. Botha, M.L.C. in the Cape Colony. We met Mr. Botha on the ridge, and we accompanied him to his neat dwelling situated at the back of the ridge among wild trees, which cannot be surpassed in beauty by any of the trees which we grow. Mr. Botha also gave a very favourable report of the country, and that portion of his cattle which he kept there (the greater part was on his farm), and which we saw, was, considering the time of the year and that no rain had as yet fallen, in fair condition.

We spent a quiet and happy evening with Messrs. Symington and Botha, and resumed our journey at 10 P.M. with a full 'bus. But before finally taking leave of Salisbury, we must first consider the respective claims of Bulawayo and Salisbury to become the chief town of Rhodesia.

Coming to Bulawayo, and seeing what confidence Jews and other speculators must have in the future of

RUINS AT ZIMBABWE

the place, when they in one half-year pay upwards of £40,000 for stands only, and thrice that amount for buildings; how within one year's time a population of 5000 or 6000 has settled there; seeing that five newspapers are printed there and how persons and syndicates, who know the outs and ins, have large shares in them, then one begins to think that it is not mere presumption on the part of Bulawayo when she deems it certain that the future belongs to her. If, on the other hand, you hear Salisbury pleading its right as firstborn, as being nearer to the natural haven (Beira), pleading its gold-fields, its splendid surroundings for cattle farming and agriculture, and the assurance given by Mr. Rhodes that she would be the chief town, then the hope of Bulawayo seems to evaporate altogether.

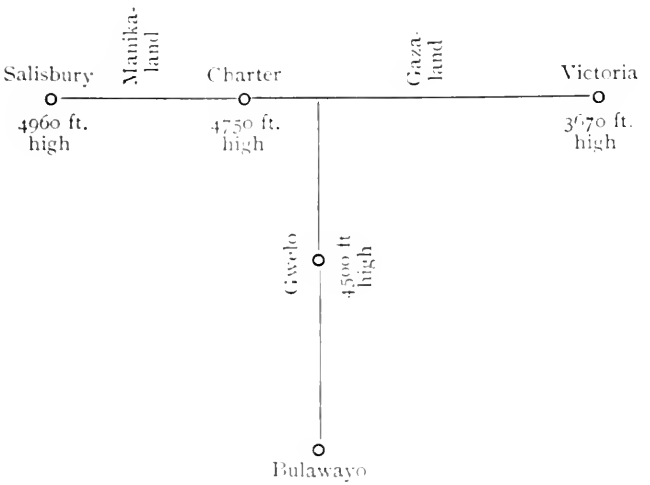
But questions like these usually take their natural course. The real question then is: Which of these two is best situated to be the future chief town of Rhodesia? And then the honest conclusion of the impartial observers is: Neither of the two is suitably situated, judging from its present state and course of development; so that in this case the old Dutch proverb may still be verified: "Two dogs fight over a bone and the third runs off with it."

The situation of neither of the towns is sufficiently central to become and to remain the chief town. The natural development will later on point out the right place. Up till now Gwelo seems to have far the better

chance to become the centre. Three things must be kept in view when giving an opinion on this question: (1) the mineral richness and the probable mining operations, and in connection therewith the digger population and markets for trade; and (2) the adaptability of the surrounding country for cattle farming and agriculture; and in connection with these two (3) the healthiness of the country must be considered.

If any one wishes to know what Rhodesia really is and will become, it is not necessary merely to find out how much land lies between the Limpopo and Zambesi Rivers, the Portuguese boundary and the Kalihari desert. No, the question is, How far does the healthy and habitable highland extend? How far is that highland adapted for agriculture and cattle farming, and to what extent is it intersected by paying gold reefs and other metals? Everything depends upon this.

As far as we know, no map has been published up to now which gives us this information. We shall try more or less to supply this want in a very simple and primitive way. Lay a chart of Rhodesia before you. On this chart draw a **T**, by drawing a straight line from Salisbury to Fort Victoria. This line forms the top line of the **T**. Then draw a straight line from the middle of the top line, a little to the south of Charter down to Bulawayo and you get this :—



Now, reader, for your own amusement make this T into the shape of a pear, with Bulawayo as the stem, and Salisbury and Victoria as the lower, the thicker end and two projecting elevations to the east where Manikaland and Gazaland are marked. That is the highland of Rhodesia, about 200 miles in width and 300 miles long.

Now you will be able to see that we are justified in saying that neither Bulawayo nor Salisbury is central enough to become the chief town. For all the land represented by this pear is healthy highland, from four to six thousand feet above the sea level, intersected by gold reefs and full of fountains and water courses.

Now, reader, give every possible consideration to these two competing towns; grant that Salisbury is situated on a beautiful highland, with rich gold-fields to

the north, and comparatively near the seaport, being only 225 miles from the railway terminus at Chimoio; grant to Bulawayo everything to which she rightly or otherwise lays claim; grant her even in addition that the railway from Cape Town will reach her first, and from there will be extended northward to Baroetsi-land and the region of the lakes, and if required to Cairo, even then it would be difficult for either of them to be the capital of Rhodesia, because their situation is not central enough.

Gwelo, on the contrary, lies almost in the centre of the large plateau. Gwelo is situated on a healthy highland, has rich and extensive gold-fields twenty-five miles to the south and twenty-five miles to the north, whilst on the ridge on which the village is situated old mining works have been discovered, and through the commonage of the town runs a reef which has been opened and yields two ounces per ton. So it is possible that we might here have a repetition of the old Dutch adage: "Two dogs fighting over one bone, whilst the third runs away with it."

LETTER XVII

FROM SALISBURY TO UMTALI

Ill through Fatigue—A good way through a beautiful Country—A recently laid-out Farm in a New Country—"Here I could live"—Laurencedale—Umtali in a beautiful Valley—Where the Roads divide—A new Highland—Old Viaducts discovered—Were these the Grain Fields of the Ancients?—Are these their Catacombs?—An interesting Conversation in the evening, during which the Fatigue of the Journey is forgotten.

The distance from Salisbury to Umtali is 150 miles. We ought to have done it in thirty-six hours, but it took us forty-two hours, travelling night and day. We had a small 'bus, but the horses and mules were good. We are now in the hands of an energetic contractor, Mr. Symington. The distances between the several outspans were not too great, the company was pleasant, the road beautiful, so that the journey, comparatively speaking, was pleasant.

But now we had another trouble. The fatigue of six days' and six nights' travelling from Bulawayo, drinking so many different kinds of water along the road, and probably also the irregular meals of not the very best food, brought on a disarrangement of the stomach,

which at last, through continued fatigue and the absence of medicine, threatened to become serious.

The road from Salisbury to Chimoio, where the train is reached, is really very good. The making and keeping in repair of this road (mostly through mountainous parts) is really a great credit to the Chartered Company.

Travelling by 'bus has this great drawback, that about the half of the road is traversed in the night, so that, of course, the nature of the country cannot be judged. But as much of the country as we could see between Salisbury and Umtali seemed to be well suited for agriculture and cattle farming.

There is abundance of water, and the grass country is varied by bushy parts. The soil is sandy in only some parts—decomposed granite, like the valley between the Paarl mountain and the Drakensbergen. Coming near to Umtali, however, the country begins to slope down and becomes very bushy and mountainous. It seems suitable for cattle and agriculture, and perhaps also for goats, but we do not think that sheep would thrive here. Goats and Kaffir sheep, however, thrive well at the Kaffir kraals.

Before we began to descend we visited the farm of Mr. Symington, which lies a short distance out of the road. It is beautifully situated. Imagine a large granite rock on the open field; in circumference it is about as large as the Britannia rock on the top of the Paarl mountain, but not quite so high; so that it is

easier to climb than the Britannia. At the foot of the rock the farm is situated, and is well sheltered from the strong winds. Several good buildings have been erected, and in front of the door is a large flower-garden. A clear stream of water, brought a distance of a few hundred yards from a perennial fountain, flows past the dwelling-house into a splendid vegetable garden, in which, though it is only October, you can find nearly all sorts of summer vegetables, for the vegetables, sheltered by this huge rock, are not killed in winter by the frost. Right in front of the garden stood a waggon loaded with oat-sheaves, the finest we have ever seen. It was our usual oats. In the garden we saw a piece of "English oats," about five feet high, the stem and the ear were exactly the same length. As soon as the oats have been reaped the ground is turned over again and planted with summer vegetables. There is also a young orchard, containing various kinds of fruit trees, which grow luxuriantly.

How unpleasant it was to be called out of this splendid garden to come and take our seats again on the jolting 'bus! Every one who sees such a place says: "Here I could live," or, at least: "This beginning shows what can be done in this country."

What a beautiful scene lay before us as we resumed our journey just at sundown; the sun had sunk behind that huge rock, on the top of which, like one of the Mashona dwellings, stood the covered grave of a Kaffir chief. The custom of burying their chiefs on the top

of a granite rock, under a heap of stones, shows the Kaffir's æsthetic feeling.

Before the twilight changed to darkness our travelling companions showed us some other farms in the vicinity, also "Laurencedale." The energetic Laurens van der Byl, also from the Paarl, began laying out this farm, but, alas, was prematurely carried off by death. We were sorry that we were so much behind time, otherwise our obliging conductor would doubtless have taken us there. We should have liked to see the first vines and fruit trees from the Paarl grow here, and to have stood for a few moments by the grave of this brave "Voortrekker." But it could not be. We had to bow to the inevitable. Still we had seen enough to be able to say with confidence that Laurens van der Byl had chosen a good spot for his settlement at Marendula, between Salisbury and Umtali. Here are still some fine farms. But what has become of the spirit of enterprise that animated the old "Voortrekkers?"

We arrived at Umtali on October 30, at four o'clock in the afternoon. This young town is beautifully situated, surrounded by well-wooded mountains similar to those by which the Paarl, Drakenstein, and Wellington are surrounded. Out of these mountains brooks of fresh water, almost the size of rivers, flow down. Umtali seems destined by nature to become one of the most beautiful towns of our country. It has a splendid climate, a fertile soil, rich gold-fields round about, the surrounding country is very well adapted

for agriculture, and towards the north also for cattle farming. Then the fact must not be lost sight of that Umtali lies only seventy-five miles from the railway terminus at Chimoio, and that it is situated on the main road from the Beira seaport to the interior. This road branches here in three directions: (1) to Gazaland in a southerly direction, where there is a flourishing settlement of Free State farmers; (2) to Fort Charter in a westerly direction, which road the railway will probably follow to Gwelo and Bulawayo; (3) to Salisbury in a north-westerly direction, by which road we came.

Now, already Umtali has a flourishing and thriving appearance. The young town has a good show of houses, and others are continually being built. The two hotels were so full that we were very glad to find accommodation in a hut of a friend of one of our travelling companions, which was kindly placed at our disposal for the night. We met several people of importance that evening, amongst others the editor of the *Umtali Herald*, for Umtali has her own weekly paper and a fairly well-stocked library.

But what interested us most was meeting Mr. J. Moodie. He came with his late brother to Gazaland; but as that region did not please him, he went farther north and has taken a farm in a newly discovered region, about forty miles to the north-east of Umtali; he had just come to fetch his family and then to settle there. Why this meeting was so important to us you

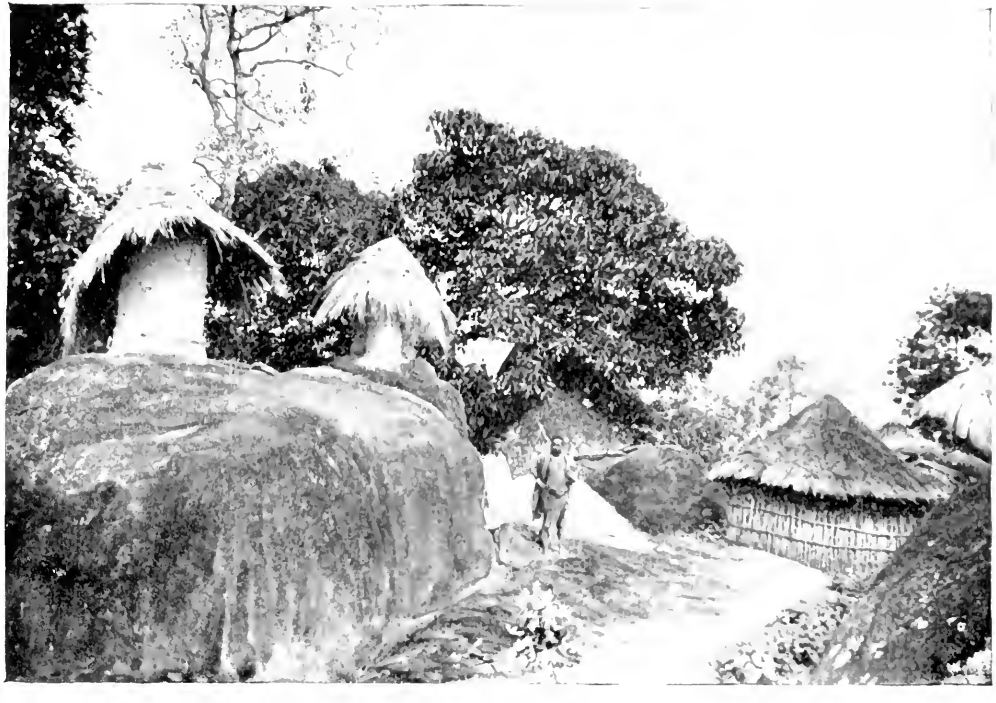
will understand better after reading an article which has just appeared in the *Rhodesia Herald*, and which we read on the road between Salisbury and this. This is the article:

THE INYANGOMBI VALLEY.

On account of the influx into Mashonaland of farmers from Transvaal, Orange Free State, and other parts, it will not be out of place to give a description of an altogether new and, according to Mr. Fotheringham and others who collected the information, a very good district for agriculture.

The Inyangombi Valley, situated between the Dombo and Inyanga mountains, about fifteen miles from each and about fifty miles from Umtali, was visited and perhaps discovered by Messrs. Fotheringham and Rhys Fairbridge, accompanied by Mr. Webber, to whom the care of the waggon was entrusted. After leaving Umtali, they first crossed the Odzani River, six miles from Umtali, and then reached Umtassa's kraal, four miles further on. From Umtassa they rode along a highland, till they came to the source of the Hondo River, about five miles from Umtassa's kraal. From the source of the Hondo, which is about twenty-two miles from Umtali, they travelled through a level tract of country about three miles broad, which is followed by a gradual ascent of about ten miles to two granite "kopjes;" from there you come into a valley bounded on the north by the Odzi River and on the south by a high mountain range. After they had passed through this valley, which is about three miles long, they came to the Odzi waterfalls. The Odzi rises in a valley on the watershed and flows down over broken ground.

After they had ascended a steep road they came to the watershed, where the "forty-mile tree" is seen. This tree is about forty miles from Umtali. After following this watershed for about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, they sighted the Pungwe waterfalls. These are indeed splendid; the river flows down from the



AT ZIMBABWE

Inyanga mountains, through a narrow gorge, and then falls over 1000 feet, over rocks and between bushes and mountains. Although the watershed itself has no trees, the "kloofs" are well wooded and watered.

The road goes in a north-westerly direction, through a beautiful valley, and then ascends to a plateau 6000 or 7000 feet above the level of the sea. The plateau has almost no trees or bush, and is covered by short grass, about nine inches high, mixed with good pasturage for sheep. This plateau, on which a good many farms have been pegged out, is considered excellently suited for sheep-farming, and will be a good source of supply to the rising village of Umtali. Having crossed the plateau in a north-westerly direction for about three miles, and having descended about 500 feet, we reached the Inyangombi Valley about fifty miles from Umtali.

The Inyangombi, or "Valley of Cattle," is thickly populated by wealthy Kaffirs, who possess great herds of Africander sheep, cattle, and goats. The natives, who recognise Umtassa as their chief, are well disposed towards the whites; they seem to be laborious, as they have nice huts with gardens and mielie lands; their kraals are enclosed with green hedges and surrounded by large trees.

The valley is covered with short sweet grass; there is very little high grass. The formation of the country is "trap," with a certain quantity of granite. The red ground, which goes to a great depth, is considered very fertile, suited both for agriculture and cattle and sheep-farming. The ground is very dry, in spite of the mass of water that flows towards it from the surrounding mountains, and consequently no morass is formed.

After inspecting the Kaffir huts, &c., it became evident that the country was not infested by the white ant, but there are ant-heaps of other ants.

In this valley great aqueducts are found, some several miles in length and five or six feet deep, evidently made by people who knew more of agriculture than the present inhabitants,

Mr. Fotheringham, who has pegged out a farm in this valley, says that he has followed one aqueduct for more than three miles; and these furrows are well made, with strong banks on the lower side. The ground is covered with short good grass and almost quite free from stones and bushes, so that there is nothing to hinder in ploughing. The Kaffirs say that the country is very healthy; they will not go down to the lower parts, because there the fever attacks them. The rainy season is the same as in Manika. The Inyanga mountains, which are 8000 feet high, are covered with snow in the winter, whilst in summer they are mostly covered with a fog.

Behind these Inyanga mountains is a great highland, gradually ascending towards Makombo's mountain in the north. To the west of the mountain are vast flats, covered with granite kopjes, which in former times were all fortified with stone walls, about eight feet high, with a breadth of six feet at the base and three feet at the top. This whole region is suited for horses and sheep, and there is small probability that they will be subjected to any disease, because the situation is so high and the air so clear. The streams have their origin in the north and west of theInyanga mountains and flow mostly to the Zambesi, whilst those in the south and east flow to the Sabi and Pungwe.

The country to the east of the Dombo mountain does not seem to have been visited by any one as yet, though Mr. Buring passed through it a few months ago. It is a pity that such a promising region is not opened up by a road from Umtali. The cost of such a road would be very small, say £300. Many farms have been pegged out and many farmers, amongst others J. Moodie, intend settling there shortly.

Mr. Abbott, who has travelled through the country, is of opinion that the same kind of land extends far to the west and north of the Gamba mountain.

Mr. C. R. Bradley, who has visited this district as far as Macombie's kraal, 150 miles to north of Umtali, says that these aqueducts extend as far as he went north. It is the

best country for farming that he has seen anywhere in South Africa. A gold belt passes through the country, and also a slate formation, and is bounded by "trap" stone and granite.

Thus far the article. Any one who carefully peruses this will be interested in such a new country. Our interest was much heightened during our conversation with Mr. Moodie. He had travelled through almost all the northern parts, through the Colony, Natal, Free State, the Transvaal, and Rhodesia, but nowhere had he found a region in the least resembling this region. Just fancy a highland 6000 feet high, intersected by rivers with very low banks, like the Movirivi, Kliprivies, Sterkstroom, &c., in the Transvaal, so that they can everywhere be led out for irrigation purposes —those open grass flats, varied here and there by well wooded ridges extending for miles; and then the sudden descent to the east, a descent of 4000 or 5000 feet, those slopes and "kloofs" filled with trees of tropical growth; trees, plants, wild fruit, lemons, bananas, &c. &c.

What drew our attention most of all were the great aqueducts. We had so often seen them in Oriental countries, for instance around Damascus. We were firmly convinced that the Kaffirs had not made these aqueducts. On our travels through Rhodesia we had seen a hundred places where the ancients had dug gold, where they had lived in their towns, but now it became apparent to us that they had also been agriculturists. Who were these ancients? About this later

on. This, however, became clear to us, and this is of great importance, that the same ancients who had been digging gold for hundreds of miles around, had their grainfields here, as also their gardens and orchards. These ancients knew what they were about; they were good prospectors, for up to the present day the diggers follow in their tracks. Would not the farmers do well to follow their lead too? One thing is certain, they did not choose the worst part.

And we became still more interested when Mr. Moodie (and the Government Surveyor and others endorsed his statement) told us that they had found two or three entrances to subterranean caves. They did not seem to have been mines. They had not entered them and did not know to what use they had been put, but they were still accessible, &c.

Ah, we thought, then we have here discovered not only the grainfields of the ancients, but perhaps also their catacombs! For nowhere have the burial places of these ancients yet been discovered.

Oh, how we would have liked to stay over a fortnight in order to explore this region with Mr. Moodie! But we could not spare the time.

You need then feel no surprise that we sat talking to our friends till eleven o'clock, after having been without sleep for almost six nights. How could we go to sleep before we had arranged with Mr. Moodie that he should peg off ten farms for the Paarl Matabeleland Syndicate in this newly opened region, which lies

thirty or forty miles from Umtali and on the north side has an outlet to the Portuguese trading-place Senna, on the Zambesi? And now good night and happy dreams about those old catacombs, the fertile grain-fields, and those old aqueducts.

LETTER XVIII

FROM UMTALI TO BEIRA

The Descent from Umtali to the Sea coast—The Height of Salisbury, Umtali, Chimoio and Fontesvilla—Distances and Time per Ox-waggon—Railway and River-boat—The Omnibus with Oxen wins—We descend the Mountains—Tropical Vegetation—How far is this Country habitable?—Resembles Lower Egypt—Africa built in Terraces—Hence no Navigable Rivers, but healthy Highlands—To be opened by Railways—Open Land for superfluous Population of Europe—Railway Terminus not Bulawayo, but Cairo—Midnight at Chimoio—£1 for every Five Miles per Ox-waggon—This is due to the Tsetse Fly—Down the Mountains by Rail—Beautiful Tree growth—Stately Palm Trees—Game on the Flats—What the Game teaches us—The White Rhinoceros not yet extirpated—Protection necessary—List of Game—Fontesvilla a Village on Poles, sometimes a small Venetia—Two Days without Food on the Pungwe—Subsisting on Pisangs (Bananas)—Adventures—Railway versus *River-boat.*

HOUTBAAI, *May* 16, 1895.

WE left you at Umtali and the highlands to the north-east, which in reality is the boundary of the highland of Rhodesia. Umtali itself lies a good bit lower than Salisbury; the country surrounding Salisbury being about 5000 feet above the sea level, and Umtali only

3600, although the mountainous flats to the north-east rise to a level of almost 7000 feet. But from Umtali you descend rapidly to the sea in an easterly direction. From Umtali to Chimoio, the railway terminus, is a distance of only 75 miles, and in that distance you descend more than 1500 feet, as Chimoio is only 2140 feet above the sea level. From Chimoio to Fontesvilla is 118 miles by rail; there you come to the Pungwe River, and are carried from there by a small steamboat to Beira. There you are on the sea level; for although the distance from Fontesvilla to Beira, with all the windings of the river, is variously estimated at from 50 to 75 miles, still the rising and falling of the ebb is almost the same here as at the mouth of the river. Thus in a distance of 193 miles from Umtali to Fontesvilla the descent is 3600 feet. The distances are divided thus:

	Miles.
Umtali to Chimoio, omnibus, with oxen . .	75
Chimoio to Fontesvilla, by train . .	118
Fontesvilla to Beira, by steamboat . .	50
Total	243

And yet it took us from Wednesday, October 31, 8 A.M., to Tuesday, November 6, 5 P.M., to cover that distance. And strange to say, with Symington's "ox-'bus" we travelled almost faster than by train and steamboat.

We left Umtali on Wednesday morning at eight o'clock. From there the 'bus, or rather the little

horse-waggon has to be drawn by oxen, because lower down it is unhealthy for horses and mules.

Unfortunately our span of oxen could not be found that morning, and the experienced driver, who had gone to look for the oxen, also stayed away. We could wait no longer ; a span of oxen was borrowed or hired, and put in the hands of an inexperienced driver. Helter-skelter we went down the mountain, through sprints and across bridges. A good thing that the road is well made, for which the company deserves praise. But when we had to ascend out of the first kloof it was halt ! The oxen would not proceed and the driver could not get them on. There we were stuck for more than an hour, then it was a broken yoke, then the oxen were spanned about, &c., and if we had not had a few passengers who knew better how to handle oxen than the driver, I do not know when we should have reached Chimoio. Further on, from the first outspan, we got the usual good span of oxen and we made up for the delay. Wednesday we sped well ; that night we had to stay over at Massikessie on account of storm and rain. We did not, however, get much rest, for we arrived late in the evening, ate our piece of bread, and had to spread our blankets in a shed, where wind and rain had free access ; at midnight we arrived at Chimoio. We covered these 75 miles in 40 hours ; deduct 6 hours forced delay, and we find that we did about 2½ miles per hour.

From Chimoio to Fontesvilla is 118 miles per rail,

and that took us from Friday 7 A.M. till Saturday 7 P.M.—*i.e.*, 36 hours, or, including several delays, about 3 miles per hour.

The 50 or 60 miles per steamboat on the Pungwe, took us from Sunday 6 P.M. till Tuesday 5 P.M.—*i.e.*, 47 hours, or a little more than one mile per hour. But further particulars will explain this.

From Umtali you at once notice that you are descending the mountains. The road winds down through "kloofs," in which the palm trees grow luxuriantly, and a little lower down bananas, lemons, and other wild fruits and semi-tropical plants, while everywhere beautifully clear streams of water gush down.

At more than one place we thought, if one were sure that this part was healthy, a more beautiful spot to live in could not be found on earth. And yet the Portuguese live much lower down and are fairly healthy. The fever is very bad at Fontesvilla, but then the situation is very unhealthy, being on the banks of the Pungwe River, which every year submerges the country for miles around, and forms shallow lagoons in the rank, rotting grass, which necessarily must result in unhealthiness. But we believe if this country is once thoroughly opened up and is no longer so rough, that it will be inhabited as far as Massikessie, the boundary between the Portuguese possessions and those of the company, and even lower down, as far as Chimoio. It is now already inhabited along the railway line and main road. What really seem

to be too unhealthy to be inhabited are the last 25 or 30 miles before you come to Fontesvilla. Then you are at the foot of the mountains and on the same level with the country which is yearly inundated by the Pungwe.

And who can tell but even this fertile valley can be made as habitable and productive as the delta of the Nile in Egypt, if it is once intersected by canals to carry off the water of the inundations and leave the land dry. In any case, here is a country that very much resembles Lower Egypt.

Allow us a small digression. Have you ever noticed that Africa forms a highland, built up with terraces? Going from Cape Town to the interior you climb a few thousand feet to the top of the Hex River mountains; then from Beaufort west you ascend a second terrace, bounded by the "Niemoveld" mountains, or more to the west by the "Roggeveld" mountains, without descending on the other side. In the same way, going to the interior from Port Elizabeth you ascend the Zuurbergen, but do not descend again. From Natal you have to ascend the Drakensbergen to reach the first terrace. From Delagoa you ascend the Lebombo mountains and after that the northerly extension of the Drakensbergen. Thus from the whole coast of Africa you gradually ascend with large terraces; for the whole of the interior is a highland.

This is the reason why Africa has no navigable rivers (excepting the Nile in the flat northern part), because

the rivers run too steep, and, flowing over rocks, form waterfalls or cascades and cataracts. And that is the reason why Africa has remained so long comparatively uninhabited and unexplored. If Africa had navigable rivers like Europe, the country would not have been allowed to lie fallow up to now. And because we have no navigable rivers the country must be opened by railways. That time has now arrived. The elevated situation of the country has, on the other hand, a great advantage—viz., that lying in the tropics it is nevertheless habitable and healthy; even under the line there are habitable parts, and close to the line are the Mountains of the Moon, covered with everlasting snow. Years ago we predicted that the whole of Africa, from the Cape to Cairo, would be intersected by railways and inhabited. And with the present rapid development this may happen sooner than we think. For Africa is the only land that lies open still. Many turn back from North America; that land can no longer absorb the stream of European emigration. And then the interior of Africa appears to be not only habitable, but also rich in minerals and exceedingly fertile. This makes the present opening up of the country towards the north of such great importance to us. Yes, our railway terminus is not Bulawayo, but Cairo!

But let us return to our "oxen-'bus." Down the mountains we mostly travelled at a trot, and just shaved by many a tree. So that even in daylight it was not quite safe travelling. But now it becomes pitch dark

and the weather becomes stormy, and then through those forests without the light of moon or stars. True, the driver sometimes trots alongside his team, stops them here and turns them there, but it is clearly evident that he has very little control over the team.

At midnight we arrive at Chimoio—a pitch dark night. There had been an old Chimoio, but the village had been transplanted a few miles nearer to the coast. Now the railway terminus is again being built on the old site, and they were just busy coming back to the old town.

Do not think to find either hotel or boarding-house. No; the bar is opened and you can obtain liquor, also anything you wish to buy out of the shop. But in that corner you can spread your blanket, lie down and sleep, if sleep you can. By the kindly exertion of a friend who was known here, we together got a "hartebeest-huisfe" for the night. It was then already two o'clock.

But we could not go to rest before we had made arrangements for our transport to the train on the following morning. We wanted to catch the Goth at Beira. We still have to go five or six miles to the place from where the train starts at 10 A.M. We could obtain carriers and then tramp it through the sand for those five miles, but the carriers were all at the terminus, which lay a few miles away. If we had to go and find them next morning we were in danger of not reaching the train and so losing a whole day. But we could have a little ox-waggon by each paying £5 for five miles.

We decide to engage the waggon, and go to try and snatch a few hours sleep.

We were up betimes to get something to eat and then off to the waggon; it is so small that it can hardly contain our baggage, and only four of the fourteen or fifteen could wriggle in between the boxes and portmanteaux; so that in reality we each had to pay £1 for the transport of our portmanteaux and rugs. But you must bear in mind that from Chimoio you find the tsetse-fly and the oxen used in that distance are written down as dead as soon as the rains fall.

Here we are at the railway. The rails have been laid as far as this. We have to wait for the train. It is warm. We sit down in the shade of some trees to eat something. We are now 113 miles from Fontesvilla; five miles of rail have still to be laid to Chimoio (that has since been done). The railway has in reality only been opened to the seventy-fifth mile. For three hours, up to the eighty-first mile, we have to sit in an open truck under a scorching sun. After a delay of an hour we went from there in a covered waggon, arranged like a tram waggon, with two long benches on both sides, to the seventy-fifth mile, where we arrived at 5 P.M. and stayed over for the night. Here we met a former acquaintance from Stellenbosch, Mr. Krige, who kindly received and entertained us that night and the following morning till we left. Mr. Krige was just busy transplanting his hotel to Chimoio. Any of our readers who may happen to travel this way and come to

Chimoio can be sure of being better received than we were.

We left next morning at 7, and arrived at Fontesvilla at 3 P.M. We had covered these seventy-five miles in eight hours—*i.e.*, ten miles per hour, including delays.

The Beira railway, of which we shall hear more later on, is of great importance for the future development of Rhodesia. It is a pity that the gauge of the rails is not the same as those of the other railways in South Africa (the usual gauge is $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and this is $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet). Otherwise the railway is well built, and answers its purpose well. The well-known Mr. Pauling is the contractor. At the steepest incline the road is made zigzag. In some parts the road had to be cut through dense forests of wild trees. The growth of trees and plants is very luxuriant. There are trees with trunks of forty or fifty feet in circumference, and from seventy to eighty feet high. More beautiful natural scenery than you find here can hardly be imagined. And then after having struggled on for about four months in an ox-waggon, what a pleasant sensation to be once more in a train!

Having reached the foot of the mountain, you have a level flat of about twenty-five miles before you reach Chimoio on the Pungwe River. Scenery is not so beautiful here. The stately palm-tree is replaced by the shrublike dwarf palm. But now you are better able to see the big game in the open flats on both sides,

buffaloes, elands, kwaggas, &c. And they seem to know the train as a harmless enemy; at least they remain standing at a short distance.

One of the things which first strike the stranger at Chimoio and Beira is the mass of hides and horns of wild animals, as also the great quantities of ivory brought from the interior. We also were under the impression that big game had been almost extirpated. This, however, is not the case; but if measures for their protection are not taken there is great danger that several kinds will soon be extinct. In Europe and also here it was thought that the white rhinoceros had been extirpated. On this journey, however, a white waggon-driver told us that when a few years ago he was hunting in the low coast regions north of Delagoa, he had seen amongst large herds of big game, a few small herds of the white rhinoceros. The details he gave about this left no doubt as to the truth of the tale. He could not sufficiently praise the fertility and beauty of those low regions. He spoke especially about the Pisangberg and Rottingberg, which are covered by wild fruit trees.

Before we took leave of the game we involuntarily thought how game was diminishing, if not quite extirpated, in the inhabited parts of Africa. The thousands of antelopes and other game proved how well this country was adapted for cattle farming. Had this lesson been learned immediately how many sad experiences would have been spared! For instance, when

the "voortrekkers" entered the Transvaal they found the highlands swarming with game, and the lower wooded parts full of wild fruit, with abundance of water. They chose the latter mentioned parts to live in. But here they suffered great loss of cattle. Nature had pointed out to them that this part where wild fruit trees and shrubs flourished so luxuriantly was suited for *agriculture*, whilst the thousands of game on the highlands proved to them that this was the country adapted for cattle farming. But it took quite a quarter of a century to learn by sad experience what nature itself had in the first instance pointed out to common sense.

The plan so often mooted by us to enclose a few thousands of morgen and stock it with various kinds of game, and so to propagate the various species, would not only afford pleasure, but yield a good gain. Mr. Rhodes has, only on a small scale, begun to put this plan in execution on his property on the slopes of the Table Mountain, and there is some talk that an English Company intends carrying out this plan on a huge scale in Rhodesia.

But whilst speaking about game we had reached Fontesvilla. It was three o'clock in the afternoon of November 3, and still so hot (105° in the shade), that we first of all sought a cooling drink to slake our burning thirst, and then took a cold bath. Having rested a little, we went to see the village and to obtain some information about the journey by river to Beira.

The first disappointment was: there is no boat, and

at soonest it can only be here to-morrow (Sunday); (1) because the river is very low, as there had been no rain for a long time; (2) because it was the quarter and consequently low water, so that it was difficult to cross the sandbanks. Our first idea was to hire a small canoe, with some of our friends, and to go on in that. We had soon gone through the whole village, visited even the omnipresent koelies, but could not find a canoe. A very good thing for us. For a few of our fellow travellers who, the following day, succeeded in securing a canoe, had very hard times.

So we had leisure to have a good look at the village from Saturday 3 P.M. till Sunday 6 P.M. A few hotels, half a dozen stores, and half a dozen dwelling-houses, and the railway station, that is about all. But the peculiarity of the village is that it is entirely built on poles or stakes. All the houses are built on poles four feet above the surface. The river inundates the country to that height, and the water sometimes remains standing for several days. Then Fontesvilla is like a small Venice, and you have to go about in boats. When the river subsides abundant fish is to be found in the shallow pools, and these pools gradually dry up. This explains why the fever is so virulent here.

On Sunday evening at six o'clock we left in the *Rose*, a small tug. Usually it only takes seven or eight hours to Beira. Four of us "formed a Syndicate," as we did on the 'bus, and bought a tin of

biscuits and two bottles of "vino tinto," the usual red Portuguese wine, which is sold here at 2*s.* or 3*s.* per bottle; we meant this for a little refreshment on our moonlight trip that evening, for we had dined just before leaving.

But instead of seven hours our voyage lasted forty-seven hours. At nine o'clock we stuck on a sandbank. There we had to spend the night and await the tide. The next morning the water was very low, and sandbanks were seen on all sides. And we had no provisions on board. We were still waiting for the tide. We asked the captain for his little boat, and four of us went rowing on the river. First we saw a few large river boats riding at anchor; we rowed to them. They were loaded with wood, and there were only Kaffirs; we could procure nothing from them. Afterwards we saw a Kaffir canoe along the bank of the river. We rowed to it and got two Kaffirs, who sank up to their waist in the mud, to carry us out; from them we bought a bunch of bananas, containing about 100, for one shilling, which was a good addition to our provisions.

Towards midday the tide set in and preparations were made for steaming on, but alas! our little steam-engine was defective and would not work. Oh, what a bother that whole day and evening. At last the ebb set in, and there we were stuck again, and we again had to spend the night there. We really began to feel the pangs of hunger. Two French fellow-travellers

had a few tins of preserved meat and the captain had some rice, and this constituted our last meal, of which all partook.

We will long remember those two days and nights. The river is beautiful, broad, and continually increasing in breadth, with well-wooded banks. In the river you sometimes see seacows at play and the crocodiles sleeping on the banks. When the boat moves on a Kaffir is always measuring the depth of the water with a stick and calls out in Kaffir, the water is "navigable," "too shallow," or "deep." A flat-bottomed boat drawing two or three feet could always pass up and down the river. But a steamboat, having a keel, must necessarily get aground as soon as the water is less than four feet deep. The truth of this we found to our sorrow. But we will try and forget this, and only mention one more incident.

When on Monday at noon we saw that we could not reach Beira that evening, and indeed did not know whether we should ever reach it with our defective machine, bearing in mind that we had no provisions, and that we had a lady with two sick children aboard, we proposed to the captain to send a boat on ahead to Beira, asking the manager of the company to send the other tug, the *Kimberley*, with some medicine and provisions, to help us on. Three of us volunteered, and rowed off with a Kaffir who knew the river. Unfortunately the boat had to contend with a head wind, so that they could not reach Beira that night and

they arrived only the following afternoon at 3, tired and worn out. The *Kimberley* was got ready to send to our assistance. But just before she steamed out, our boat, the *Rose*, was sighted. One of our passengers had some knowledge and experience of steam-engines; he assisted the engineer and so at last we got moving on, and as the second half of the river was deeper we got on much better.

Lower down the river becomes deeper and broader, till one can hardly see from one bank to the other. Beautiful islands lie in the middle of the river, and the seacows, sometimes six to eight together, playing in the water, make the scene still more interesting.

The idea, however, seems to be to do away with the traffic on the river, and to extend the railway from Fontesvilla, with a bridge over the river, and then on the east side of the river to Beira.* We fancy that it would be cheaper and also give cheaper transport, if a few flat bottomed steamboats were built to be used on the river.

And so at last we have reached Beira, on the sea coast. But with all this delay the *Goth* has left. Now we have to wait for the slow *Courland*. About the voyage along the east coast and the future trade routes in our next.

* This railway is being constructed now, and its completion is expected shortly.

LETTER XIX

THE COMPETING SEAPORTS

Beira and Delagoa the best natural Ports of South Africa —Contrast with Durban and East London—The calumniated Portuguese Government defended—Advantages of the two Portuguese Havens—Beira as Town, Trading Place, and Haven—Sofala, Solomon's Port—German Steam Navigation on the East Coast—Delagoa—False Reports—Durban, including Theatre, "to let"—A Model Tram Service—A good Word for the Coolies in Natal—Fruit Export to the Cape Colony—Natal not feared as Competitor in the Trade to the Interior—Beira the Natural Port of Rhodesia, Delagoa of the Transvaal —Eloquent and Stubborn Figures—Geographical Facts —Comparison of the Distances by Land and Sea—Present Prices of Transport—Future of Eastern, or Suez Sea Route—Advantage of having Rhodes as our Premier at present.

HOUTBAY, *May* 17, 1895.

SOUTH AFRICA has only two naturally good seaports, viz., Delagoa and Beira. The Table Bay has been made into a safe haven by its docks. Algoa remains an open, difficult harbour. East London and Durban cannot even be made good havens on account of the sand banks. This is apparent from the fact that on each of these ports a million sterling has already been

spent, and even now it is something quite rare to see a steamboat, even with a good tide, enter the Port; whereas the average depth on the bar at Durban is gradually decreasing; in 1892 it was 13 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, in 1893, 13 feet 4 inches; in 1894, 11 feet $10\frac{3}{4}$ inches. But Delagoa and Beira are natural havens, so large and so deep that whole fleets can anchor close to the coast to load and unload. Should it come to a competition between the southern and eastern ports of South Africa, then these two Portuguese ports would have far away the best of it, not only on account of their more favourable geographical position, but also on account of the loading and unloading being safe and cheap.

Some Cape Colonists comfort themselves with the idea that these ports are badly managed by the Portuguese and that this is in our favour. Later on we shall give more particulars, but we can state at once, that this is a poor comfort. In addition to the natural advantages, these two ports offer sufficient facilities and conveniences to become dangerous competitors. At Beira, the harbour works are as yet on a small scale, but at present nothing more is required. Loading and unloading are done with the greatest ease and despatch. And at Delagoa the Pier Concession of Cohen is at present in the hands of the enterprising firm of Lewis and Marks, who intend to build a jetty in the shape of a T, so that (such is the depth of the water) four steamboats, two large and two small ones, can be

wharfed at the same time, and can load and unload in and out of the railway trucks simultaneously. Where are our landing places that can surpass or even match this?

As regards Beira itself, it is a young town, built on a sandy projection, on the broad mouth of the river Pungwe; it forms a broad bay, across which, even in fair weather, you can hardly see. A few years ago there were only about a dozen houses here; at present there is a flourishing city three miles long, with a population of 3000 or 4000. Beira is very healthy and is used as a sanatorium by hunters, prospectors, and traders, who in unhealthy parts contract the fever; with a view to that a large and well arranged hospital has lately been built. One often hears about the uncleanliness of the Portuguese seaports, viz., Beira and Delagoa. Well, we have made a careful inspection of both places, and all we can say is, that we sincerely wish that our seaports could favourably compare in cleanliness and neatness with these two. But we fear we should be beaten by a long way in these respects.

Beira is situated on a sandy bottom. The coast is protected from the encroachment of the sea by poles being planted in. A tramway runs from the customs offices, which are situated close to the landing-place, through the whole town; there are no public trams, but the chief hotels and trading stores have their own tram waggons, which are pushed backward and forward by Kaffirs, for the transport of passengers and goods.

Along the streets hard side-walks have been made. We saw no carriages.

At the town a small river runs into the sea, so that the town is really situated on a projecting strip of land between the sea and the river, whilst part of the town lies across the river. A bridge of about two hundred yards spans it. The barracks of the troops, on the further side of the river, are a pattern of neatness, as are the convent, the prison, and the graveyard, the last of which looks like a flower garden, and is very well kept. Then there are miles of vegetable gardens, so that there is a plentiful and cheap supply of vegetables for the town and the ships. Abundance of fruit is brought in boats from the farms along the Busi River, which runs into the sea close to the Pungwe (a little to the west). Along the Busi, bananas, lemons, and other fruit grow quite wild. But there are also beautiful farms.

We had to stay over at Beira from Tuesday 6 P.M. till Saturday (Nov. 10) 2 P.M., waiting for the *Courland*, as, owing to our delay on the Pungwe, we had missed the *Goth*. We very much wished to visit the Busi and Sofala, but it was not to be ventured in an ordinary fishing-boat, and the only small steam-tug here suited for such a trip was just then under repair. Still, we had the opportunity of interviewing some people who are well acquainted with the haven of Sofala, and they all declare that the sea has overflowed a part of the land, and that at low water the remains of former buildings, such as forts, tombstones, &c., are

still to be seen under the water; that golden ornaments and such like, similar to those found at Zimbabwe, are continually being found on the shore, showing that this was the old haven of the ancient miners of the interior. With this agrees the conclusion of etymologists who trace the name Sofala back to Ophir. Of this more later on.

Beira is an important trading-station. There are large and well stocked trading-stores. We were surprised to see the quantity of ivory, hides, horns, and other articles which are brought here from the interior in exchange. It can readily be seen that the coolies draw the largest share of the trade. They have branch businesses and travelling vendors (hawkers), who go about in the interior selling their wares, and at the same time procuring products by exchange. We have never seen so many elephant tusks together as we saw at one coolie-store in Beira.

The opening up of Rhodesia is doubtless the cause of the progress Beira has made, for Beira is the natural haven of Zambesia. Let us only mention here that we have observed how for passengers and goods the Eastern route by the German steamers, through the Suez Canal to Europe, is gradually superseding the far longer route round the Cape. Of our travelling company two went, on account of former connections, *viâ* Cape Town to Europe, whilst eight went with the German steamboat round the east coast.

Before leaving Beira, let us with a single word make

mention of the excellent treatment we received from Mr. Clusserath, the courteous host of the Point Hotel. He keeps a very good table; there is always fresh fish from the Busi River and abundance of fruit; and, above all, he was ready and willing at all times to give us any information. The hotel is situated close to the landing-place, the terms are moderate, and the treatment is very good; for these and other reasons we can safely recommend the Point Hotel. The buildings leave much to be desired, but the landlord is not to blame for that. The whole of Beira belongs to the Portuguese Government, excepting a few pieces of ground given to public institutions or corporations. Consequently also the hotel buildings belong to the Government, which up to the present time has not carried out its plan to enlarge the edifice. The Government draws a good rent from all these buildings.

On Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2 P.M., we left Beira by the slow *Courland* and arrived at Delagoa Bay on Tuesday at 9 A.M., where we remained till one o'clock. It was just at the time that the troubles with the Kaffirs commenced. At Bulawayo and Salisbury we had already seen disquieting telegrams in connection with this, and at Beira we got some Natal papers, which gave a very exaggerated account of these troubles. We used our time at Delagoa to obtain the best information with regard to this revolt. Never have we seen a greater concatenation of inaccurate reports than in some English papers—at the expense of Delagoa and the

Portuguese, of course. There was simply nothing of a war panic; of the barricaded streets nothing was to be seen. On the outside, forts had been built against a possible attack, but inside the town everything went its usual course, nor was the railway connection with the interior in any way disturbed.

As regards cleanliness we can here only repeat what we have said about Beira. But Delagoa is far more prettily situated, against a high hill, on which pretty villas are laid out, which reminded us of the Berea at Durban. If any one wishes to invest money in fixed property, we know of no safer and better place in the whole of South Africa than Delagoa. The town has made great progress in the last years and seems likely to continue doing so. As Beira is the natural port of Rhodesia, so Delagoa is the natural port of the Transvaal. To shut our eyes to this stubborn fact, is nothing else but the policy of the ostrich. The sooner we properly realise the actual position and act accordingly, the better. But more of this later on.

On Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock we sailed from Delagoa, and on Wednesday evening, just before sunset, we arrived at Durban, where we had to ride at anchor till next morning before we could cross that troublesome bar. We had to stay at Durban till 11 A.M. on Saturday. In general Durban has a flourishing appearance. The only bad sign was that we saw so many houses with "to let" on them, even the Theatre Royal was marked "to let," a clear proof that providing public amusements

does not pay over well at Durban. The tram service seems to be admirably arranged, under the management of the Town Council. These trams run to the top of the beautiful Berea, and every one of those scattered villas, covering several miles in circumference, is no more than five minutes' walk from the tram.

But however well the train, tram, and cab services are arranged, the rickshaw seems to be most in request. Everywhere you see the Kaffirs trotting about with these little double shaft carts and one or two passengers in them.

We shall not trouble you with the strife of the political parties, which just then was at its height, though it was not unpleasant to follow the movements of Mr. Binns, "the uncrowned king of an unformed opposition." Neither shall we weary you with a description of a sugar factory, which we suppose is already quite familiar to our readers.

We must only make one remark before taking leave of Natal. So much is said against the importation of coolies into Natal; but what has been done and is being done to agriculture and industry in Natal, is done by the coolie. There the coolie is not only the retail trader and hawker, but also domestic servant, gardener, and the labourer who cultivates the sugar plantations and does all the work in the sugar factories. The English are as little inclined and suited for manual labour as the Kaffirs, and what would Natal be to-day and what would become of Natal but for the coolies?

As regards the competition for the inland trade, we do not fear Natal so much as Delagoa and Beira; her bar is against her; her railway has too many and heavy gradients, too many short curves, and the cost of construction is too high; besides that, the distances are in favour of Delagoa and Beira. This will be seen later on.

And yet we may learn something of Natal. On our boat stood three pyramids of boxes for Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and East London, containing fresh fruit, mostly bananas, oranges, and pine apples, exported by the "Natal Fruit Growers Association." Thus Natal every year draws thousands of pounds from us for fruit. An end ought to be put to this.

What, however, goes mostly against Natal is the bar. On our arrival even the small *Courland* could not cross the bar and had to stay outside the bay for one night. And the big boats must remain outside altogether. When we left we carefully noted the delay caused by this. The day before leaving we had to send our luggage aboard. The following morning we had to be at the jetty early; we left at eleven o'clock in the small tug, and we could only sail at 4 P.M. Thus it took quite five hours to put passengers and mails on board.

After steaming sixteen hours we arrived at East London on Sunday morning at eight o'clock and stayed there till four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 20.

Having taken in 1700 bales of wool and a good many

passengers, we steamed on, with a strong south-easter, which raged the whole night, with a very high sea; most of the passengers were very sea-sick. The following morning we had apparently passed Algoa and were lying still since one o'clock. Nothing could be seen. About six it became light and we began steaming again, with many soundings and windings in our course. At half-past eight we were anchored in the bay, but it was quite twelve o'clock before we were landed. What a bother to get out of the ship into the little boat and again to get out of the boat on the jetty! No, coming from Delagoa and Beira it is painfully apparent what poor ports East London and Port Elizabeth have!

At Port Elizabeth we took leave of the steamboat to proceed to the Paarl by rail. We shall not weary our readers with a description of East London and Port Elizabeth, but rather close this chapter with some instructive figures, in answer to the question: "What part will the various ports in future take in the trade and transport to the interior?" Do not feel fretful about these figures, for they touch a life question in the future development of South Africa—a question which to us was of so much importance that we took this route for our return in order to subject it to a special inquiry, the results of which we shall briefly give.

Take as starting-point and basis that trade always takes the shortest and cheapest route, unless there are

other more weighty interests, which there are not in this case.

Take first Rhodesia and let us see which will be her probable trading route or routes in the future. This question is already a grave one, and will probably become of still greater importance.

The traffic to that lately opened country is already very considerable. In 1894 no fewer than 2000 transport waggons arrived at Bulawayo from the south with goods and produce, of which the transport costs amounted to £140,000. And these did not include heavy machinery for the gold-fields. What then will it be if once the extensive gold-fields are worked? And then it is only the transport to Bulawayo from the south; not from the east, from Beira to Umtali, Salisbury and the eastern villages and gold-fields.

Taken in general, Bulawayo and Matabeleland import through the ports of the Cape Colony, and Salisbury and Mashonaland through Beira. Estimated roughly, transport rates from Port Elizabeth to Bulawayo rule at present 21*s.* 6*d.* per 100 pounds, or £23 13*s.* per ton, the transport by rail from the Bay to Mafeking being 8*s.* per 100 pounds, and from there by waggon 13*s.* 6*d.* And from Port Elizabeth the transport by train to Mafeking is 8*s.*, and further by transport waggon 22*s.*, thus 30*s.* per 100 pounds to Salisbury.

Transport from Beira to Salisbury is £17 per ton, or 15*s.* 5*d.* per 100 pounds. The waggon transport from Chimoio comes to £10 per ton, or 9*s.* per 100 pounds,

whilst the train tariff is £6 per ton for 118 miles, and the colonial railway cost from the Bay to Mafeking, a distance of 708 miles, is only £8 16*s.* But this is to be attributed to the fact that the railway tariff is still fixed by the contractor, under which you have to pay 10*s.* to ride thirty miles in an open truck, and £2 to be conveyed further on in an ordinary waggon. But Mr. Rhodes has promised to introduce the colonial tariff as soon as the line is taken over, and then the railway expenses will be reduced to £1 10*s.* or £2, at the outside, per ton, so that transport from the sea to Salisbury will be about £14 per ton, or 13*s.* per 100 pounds.

The merchant at Salisbury, the chief town of Mashonaland, now pays 15*s.* 5*d.* per 100 pounds for his goods from Beira, whilst he has to pay 30*s.* for goods coming from Port Elizabeth over Mafeking. The result is apparent; who will prefer the longer route, when he has to pay double for transport, and has to wait much longer?

And this difference on the two routes will increase when both lines are extended, which will certainly happen, for the distance is too much in favour of the eastern route. Let us look more closely at this.

Mr. Fairbridge, who for years has been employed as surveyor in these parts, and with whom we often spoke on this subject, gives the *geographical facts*, the distances in miles, how far the three chief towns of Rhodesia are situated from Cape Town and Beira:—

	From Cape Town. Miles.	From Beira. Miles.
Bulawayo	1150	400
Salisbury	1400	270
Umtali	1400	180

These are the distances in a straight line; add to this 25 per cent. for the windings of a railway, then you obtain the following :—

	From Cape Town. Miles.	From Beira. Miles.
Bulawayo	1450	500
Salisbury	1750	350
Umtali	1750	220

Consequently the advantage of the Beira route over the Cape Town route is: For Bulawayo as 1 to 3; for Salisbury as 1 to 5; for Umtali as 1 to 8.

But these are *geographical facts*. Let us now take the *actual distances* as far as railways are already built, and then farther on with the waggon roads in the direction which the railways, which are still to be built later on, will probably follow. Let us take Bulawayo as terminating point, as being most favourably situated for Cape Town (although Bulawayo can never become the chief town, much less the centre of trade, because it is not situated centrally enough, as we have already shown), and even then Beira is by far the preferable. See here :

	Miles.
Cape Town to Mafeking (rail)	870
Mafeking to Bulawayo (waggon road) . .	500
Total	1370

	Miles.
Fontesvilla to Chimoio (rail)	118
Chimoio to Bulawayo (waggon road) . .	460
Total	578

	Miles.
Cape Town route	1370
Beira route	578
Beira route shorter	792

Thus unfavourably the Cape Town route compares to its nearest point in Rhodesia and so favourably the Beira route to its farther point in Rhodesia. But the comparison is still more unfavourable to the Cape if we take Salisbury as terminating point. See here:

	Miles.
Cape Town to Bulawayo	1370
Bulawayo to Salisbury	300
Total distance	1670
Fontesvilla to Salisbury	343
Beira route shorter	1327

If it is contended that the distances of the *sea route* are in favour of the Cape, then two things must be borne in mind: (1) that this makes very little, if any difference,

in the prices of transport; (2) that a better steamboat service along the east coast threatens to decrease our traffic with Europe. It is especially the last point to which we wish to draw your attention. As Africa is being developed northward, the less will ships use the round about way *via* Cape Town, and the more will they follow the shorter route through the Suez Canal. Let us compare the distances by sea. Take Beira as terminating point, and compare the sea routes round the Cape and through the Suez Canal:

	Miles.
Beira, *via* Cape Town to London . . .	7662
,, ,, Suez to Naples	4792
Suez route shorter	2870

Or take a more distant landing-place, as Marseilles, then you find as follows:

	Miles.
Beira, *via* Cape Town to London . . .	7662
,, ,, Suez to Marseilles	5542
Suez route shorter	2120

Even taking Delagoa Bay as starting-point or terminating point, the Suez route is preferable by far. See here:

	Miles.
Delagoa, *via* Cape Town to London . . .	7112
,, ,, Suez to Brindisi	5292
Suez route shorter . . .	1820

Or take even Marseilles as landing port, and you have :

	Miles.
Delagoa, *vid* Cape Town to London . .	7112
,, ,, Suez to Marseilles . . .	6042
Suez route shorter . . .	1070

Now bear in mind that this shorter distance means a great deal for the transport of goods, and that the eastern route offers many more advantages to passengers than the western, as it touches at more ports, passes Egypt and Palestine, and at the same time provides for a journey through the Continent (for the German boats along the east coast also give tickets for the journey by land, if so wished) ; and that the train from Naples to London takes only forty-eight hours, and from Marseilles only twenty-four hours. Thus the eastern route offers vast advantages. And we should not be surprised if the Transvaal and the Free State afterwards gave their mail contracts, &c. &c., to this route. And what if the French obtain Madagascar* and extend their navigation along the east coast of Africa to Delagoa Bay ? We should not be at all surprised if in a short time the eastern route surpass the western in importance. For we must not lose sight of the fact that England is not Europe ; England no longer has the monopoly of our trade, and the competition of the Continent grows stronger day by day.

There is thus no hope that the Cape will retain the

* As they have since done.

OUTER WALL—ZIMBABWE

trade with Rhodesia in the future. It is, of course, strongly in our favour that Mr. Rhodes is at present premier of the Colony, and that he energetically carries on the railway extension to Mafeking, whilst for the present the Beira railway is stopped at Chimoio. For if he had the 100 miles to Gaberones and the seventy-five miles to Umtali simultaneously constructed, then the natural result would be: (1) that the Beira railway would reach Bulawayo first; (2) that there would no longer exist any necessity to carry the western line any farther, as the eastern takes all the traffic. The building of the Mafeking line is in our favour, because it is built with English capital, the material is carried over our Colonial line and always brings a little more traffic; and if not extended before the Beira line, it will never be built, and then the traffic with Rhodesia is quite lost to us. Mr. Rhodes has evidently seen this, and that is the reason that he, even against the wish of the population of Salisbury, pushes on our line, whilst the Beira line is left in abeyance. Let us not, however, flatter ourselves with the hope that we shall retain the trade of Rhodesia.

If Beira is the natural port of Rhodesia, Delagoa is the natural port of the Transvaal. Here we do not require the distances, for the distance by land is known, and the distance by sea we have already given. The distance from Delagoa to Pretoria is, in round numbers, 400 miles, and from Capetown 1000 miles. Then also for half the distance the Delagoa railway

runs through coal-fields. The custom dues at Delagoa are 3 per cent., whilst at the Cape they are 5 per cent. and more, and, besides, the cost of landing is less.

We do not so much fear the competition of Natal. True, her distance is also shorter than ours, but (1) she has a bad port and consequently the costs of landing are higher; (2) her custom dues are nearly as high as ours; (3) the gradients on her railways are steeper (*i.e.*, 1 in 30; with us 1 in 40), and there are more and shorter curves in the railroad; (4) the cost of the construction of her railway is much higher than ours (£15,000 per mile), on which interest has to be paid; and (5) if they wish to use heavier engines, they must necessarily lay heavier rails (weighing seventy pounds per yard) and that will cost £400,000. For these reasons we do not fear the competition of Natal so much; her fighting power cannot be compared to ours. But it is equally certain that the Delagoa line will injure us, and the sooner we take this into consideration the better for us. Beira and Delagoa are the two ports that will do damage to our trade with the interior. Let this be borne in mind. We have given timely warning. Our only favourable prospect with regard to this state of affairs is twofold: (1) the McMurdo arbitration still threatens, like the sword of Damocles, both Portugal and the Netherland Railway Company; (2) the fact that the Transvaal, according to the Concession, can at any time take over the line and pay out according to the rate of the profit made,

results in this, that the Company is more intent on making quick profits than on thinking of a competition which can be injurious to both parties.

The following comparison given by the *Natal Mercury* is not unimportant, giving the costs of the three competing ports from London to Johannesburg; we shall therefore close this chapter with a few figures, though they are not in our favour. Taking one ton of 2240 pounds weight of rough goods, being £50 in value, the costs are as follow:

VIA DELAGOA BAY.

	£	s.	d.
Shipping expenses and landing . . .	1	12	6
Import dues 3 per cent. on £50 . . .	1	10	0
Agencies, &c.	0	15	0
Railway, at 4*s*. 2*d*. per 100 lb. . . .	4	13	4
	8	10	10

VIA NATAL.

	£	s.	d.
Shipping expenses and landing . . .	1	10	0
Import dues, 5 per cent. on £50 . . .	2	10	0
Agencies, &c.	0	6	0
Tug fund and wharfage	0	5	0
Railway transport at 4*s*. 8½*d*. per 100 lb. .	5	5	6
	9	16	6

VIA PORT ELIZABETH.

	£	s.	d.
Shipping expenses and landing . . .	1	7	6
Import dues, 5 per cent. on £50 . . .	2	10	0
Agencies, &c.	0	6	0
Wharfage, ⅜ per cent.	0	3	9
Railway transport at 6*s.* 8*d.* per 100 lb. .	7	9	4
	11	16	7

So you see, reader, our chances compared with Delagoa do not stand very high. It is no pleasant task to be the messenger of bad tidings. We feel, however, the satisfaction of having given a correct statement of the case, which time will justify.

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